National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 30. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857. WHOLE NO. 914.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

105 North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

Pro-Slavery.

REFORMERS.

From The Journal of Commerce.

No quality is more conspicuous in the pseudo-reformers of every age, than that of self-conceit. Ignorance has, indeed, been a prominent feature in their conceptions, but even this saving apology cannot be pleaded for all of the tribe. David Hume, for example, was a man of genius and acquirements, but that his mind was swollen with self-conceit, is proved by various facts in his history, as, for instance, by the style in which he announced to the world his sublime discovery in moral science, that was to overthrow one of the principal pillars on which the Christian system rests—miracles. These are his words, "I flatter myself that I have discovered an argument—which, if just, will, with the wise and learned, be an *everlasting check* to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently will be useful as long as the world endures. For so long, I presume, will the accounts of miracles and prodigies be found in all history, sacred and profane." Does the history of presumption and self-conceit furnish a more flagrant example? From Campbell down to our own eloquent Everett, has this daring folly been rebuked and overthrown, in a manner worthy of immortal truth and divine philosophy. Tom Paine was a different sort of reformer, who supplied his lack of argument with a torrent of ribaldry as vile as his own personal habits. He boasted of his "age of reason," while pouring out the most contemptible rant. He declared, with infinite self-conceit and impiety, that his single arm should eradicate the system which it took twelve apostles to establish. He would wield the axe of truth that should cut down all the trees in paradise! Behold the result! A Scotch philosopher of recent date—Robert Owen—published to the world a few years since a string of dull propositions, which one could scarcely read without falling asleep, the object of which was to enlighten men in the doctrines of a new reformation founded on principles of pure reason. He administered his anodynes in the form of lectures, in 1825, to dozing congregations in the Hall of Representatives at Washington. He predicted immense success in this free country. But the reformer and his doctrines have long since gone down beneath Lethe's stream.

Shoals of reformers without the Bible have since infested our shores. They have risen up among us, and their business is to throw about firebrands, arrows and death. W. L. Garrison is noted among them. Among their nefarious practices, not the least conspicuous is that of perverting the Bible, and assailing the benevolent institutions of the age. They are accustomed to speak "great swelling words," and they delight to "speak evil of dignities." With characteristic self-conceit they imagine themselves to have inaugurated an illustrious reform, which will be fully acknowledged when this stupid generation shall have passed off the stage of life. They "despise governments," kick at the Church, ignore the Sabbath, mock at patriotism, defy reason, and stultify themselves. They prate of liberty—they brandish the Ephesian torch at her very temple. Even better men than themselves have been touched with their venom, and are deceived with the fiction that if the Bible contains anything that contravenes our natural sensibilities—the instincts of our humanity—it would so far not be received by them! All this is put forth when talking about slavery, as if that were the alpha and omega of human depravity. They would not consent to dissolve the system by the influence of Bible truth, but by the principles of eternal reason. Those failing, they would resort to fire and sword, and repeat the Sepoy madness rather than suffer the wrongs of the slave to remain unavenged. The Southern States are happily free from such turbulent spirits. That people are strangers to such masters of conflagration. But while we endure them, though we cannot cure them, it is the province of cool and conscientious Northern men to erect barriers against the raging flood, and stand up boldly for the rights of all, for the glorious Constitution, for the indissoluble Union, and the freedom and privileges of the Church, which is protected by that Constitution, and enjoys so many blessings under that Union. The South may well be thankful for the peace and prosperity she enjoys, even in this time of calamity. Perhaps the clamour of irreligious Abolitionists will be abated, as their arrogance and self-conceit have been signally rebuked by the progress of events, and the powerful expression of the public sentiment. We look for still greater improvement in those who are not utterly incorrigible, and hope the best for all.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

From The Journal of Commerce.

This ambitious magazine, which is a sort of safety-valve for the surplus wit of Boston folks, might scarcely challenge our notice, if it were not devoted—so we read on the title—not only to Literature and Art, but to *Politics*. According to the promissory self-commendation on the cover, "it will not rank itself with any sect of *antics*." In what sense this engagement is about to be fulfilled, and with what political sect it is destined to rank itself, we may gather quite surely from the article entitled "Where will it end"?

Far be it from us to censure the sprightly conductors of the *Atlantic Monthly* (the adjective form which marks the title predominates in the political article) for boldly taking a side they have a right to hold and to avow the extremest Garrisonian dogmas, if they so please; we only claim our part, to examine, expose and reject the dogmas which they avow. And we hold ourselves justified in pointing out to the American public this new periodical as a manifest organ of the sectional opposition. The article which we have indicated is such as no man (we question whether it was written by a man), would utter as a leader in any first-class journal on either side. It has neither strength nor novelty, but is a *hachis* of arguments which had vogue during the late elections, dashed with some prettiness of language and abundance of savoury epithet. Under the auspices of the Muses, and beside such names as those of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Motley, Holmes and Felton, one might have expected that even partizan severity would take a certain garb of gracefulness, and wear some show of judiciary calmness. But let us see. Our Chief Magistrate, with two other diplomatists, at Ostend, it designates as "buccaneers conspiring for the pillage of a sugar-island." The "base repeal" of the Missouri Compromise is said to show "the slaveholder's regard for promises to be as sacred as that of a pettifogger for justice, or of a dicer for an oath." These somewhat haltuug comparsions betray a longing for stronger phraseology than offers itself at the moment of need; and we recognise a household word of the campaign when Missouri is stated to be "the very nursing-mother of Border Ruffianism." We seem to hear the sonorous voice of Garrison himself in the dictum, concerning slavery, that "it has the American Government, the American Press, American Church, in its national organizations, on its side."

As an open enemy is most easily dealt with, it is cheering to find exactly where this new Magazine (the residuary legatee of "Putnam") takes position, in politics and religion. The article on *Thomas Carlyle* shows the mark of the German infidel clique. No man conversant with Boston unbelief, in its assumed alliance with letters and art, can mistake the meaning of such language as is quoted from the Hindoo Geeta; or as "the progress of his mind from the *bog-regions of orthodoxy* to the high realms of thought and faith"; or the fearful and oracular saying, that "Religion is now so far dead that it consists in little else than formalities." These outspoken beliefs and disbeliefs of the Boston wits and poets are useful; they show us that we are to expect in this new "Monthly" a series of agreeable, clever, spicy, often exquisite *morceaux*, from some of our great authors, who will meanwhile resign to feebler collaborators the indispensable portion known by printers as the "balaam," to wit, the hackney opposition to religion and the government.

"SECTIONAL AGITATION MUST BE TERMINATED."—Men prate about putting an end to the slavery agitation, as if to will and to do were synonymous terms. They have but to say to the restless waves, "Peace, be still," and they will obey! Earthquakes and ravaging storms should be prevented. How? The subject of slavery should be banished from the forum of popular discussion. But how can it be done? It is a moral impossibility. The conflict of opinions and interests must continue as long as the institution survives. It can be terminated only by the entire extirpation of African slavery, or else a radical change must take place in public sentiment at the North. The slavery controversy in the United States presents a case of the most violent antagonism of interests and opinions. No persuasions, no entreaties or appeals can allay the fierce contention between the two mutually repulsive elements of our system.—*The South.*

Selections.

SLAVERY AND POLYGAMY—OR ROSS AND COLENSO.

We have lately received a very remarkable pamphlet which professes to combine the wisdom of America and of Africa, in regard to two great institutions, in which both continents are interested. It is entitled "Dr. Ross and Bishop Colenso; or the Truth Restored in regard to Polygamy and Slavery. By the Rev. Frederick A. Ross, D.D., of Huntsville, Alabama, and the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Lord Bishop of Natal." It undertakes to show the remarkable parallelism of sentiment and reasoning between these distinguished men, the lights of two hemispheres, one of them defending slavery, and the other polygamy, on the ground of their being sanctioned by the Bible. The writer, not content with manifesting the striking similarity in these respects, proceeds to point out the eminent advantages which will be secured for the spread of Christianity by this new interpretation of the Bible, by which it is made to sanction what have hitherto been regarded as two of the greatest evils of the world, polygamy and slavery.

At the outset the author takes a bold position:

The sum of the teachings of the Bible on these subjects, as shown by Dr. Ross and Bishop Colenso, is, that slavery and polygamy are patriarchal and Scriptural institutions; that they are sanctioned by the example of the best men of ancient times—among others, by the "father of the faithful," and the "man after God's own heart;" that they have been equally supported by legislation in the Bible; that neither of them is condemned in the Bible, as a "sin," either in the Old Testament or in the New; that though there are evils incident to both systems, yet there are also evils in every relation of life—in the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, master and apprentice; that the way to remedy these evils is not madly to attack the system as sinful, but to apply the gospel in preparing the minds of men to remove them, and to wait the certain operation of time; that it may be hoped the gospel, in its mild and happy influence will, in due time, prepare men to put away the evils incident to the two systems, as it will the evils incident to the relations of husband and wife, and the abuses of government; that a period may arrive when it would be for the good of all concerned that the relations themselves should cease, but that the coming of that period is dependent wholly on the Providence of God: and that any undue agitation of the subject—either of slavery in the Southern States, or of polygamy in the kraals of Africa—would only tend to rivet the chains of slavery more firmly in the one case, and make the condition of the African wife more undesirable than the other.

He then notes the advantages that will be secured by this new Ross-Colenso interpretation of the Bible. They are "First, an important bearing on the propagation of religion, especially in removing obstructions which have hitherto been found to be almost insuperable in the spread of Christianity." And on this point he is fully sustained both by the Presbyter and the Bishop. The latter says:

"Nor do I believe there will be anything done effectively to this end [the progress of the gospel among the heathen] until a system is adopted more in accordance with the true spirit of Christianity, and the examples of the Apostles themselves. If I am asked to say plainly what I desire, and, as far as I have any influence and power, intend, by God's grace to do in this matter, I say then plainly, not to require the putting away of wives by natives married previously to the reception of Christianity."

A second blessed result is thus set forth:

Second, It may be hoped that important results will follow from the prevalence of these views in regard to infidelity.

It cannot be denied that the views which have been entertained heretofore, on the subject now referred to, have had a material influence in keeping up infidelity in the world; in leading men to the conclusion that a book which inculcates those views could not be from God. It was natural that men who held slaves, and who regarded the system as one in accordance with the best interests of society, should turn from a book that was supposed to teach that that relation was sinful, and from a religion which required masters to emancipate those whom they held to service.

It will ever be found to be difficult, if not impossible, to persuade the heathen that a book which regards polygamy as a sin, can be from God. The difficulty in this respect would be quite as great as that which arises from the institution of slavery; and it is as little to be expected that the heathen mind will be convinced that such a book is a revelation from heaven, as it is to expect that the minds of Southern masters could be generally convinced that a book condemning slavery as sin can have a divine origin.

In the third place, if slavery and polygamy are both sanctioned by the Bible, the writer maintains that the benefits of both institutions may be extended to an oppressed and degraded race, and suggests that in view of this fact, there may be found Southern masters sufficiently philanthropic and self-denying to cross over to the African continent and introduce their system there, saving all the evils of heart-rending separations and the horrors of the middle passage.

Such is the substance of this remarkable pamphlet. Our readers will perceive that it is at least a timely production. Just at present, while a new Southern Church is in process of formation, it is well that the views of its founders should be thoroughly understood. And lest it should be supposed that injustice is done to the leader of this embryo body, by associating him with Dr. Colenso, the author of the pamphlet is careful to show that the Elijah of Huntsville spreads his mantle around the Elisha of Natal. Dr. Ross, in reply to a question put to him in debate, whether he "regarded the Bible as sustaining the polygamy of the Old Testament," says:

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; I fearlessly tell what the Bible says. In it is strength, I am not afraid of earth or hell. I fear only God. God made no law against polygamy in the beginning. Therefore it was no sin for a man to have more wives than one. God sanctioned it, and made laws in regard to it. Abraham had more wives than one; Jacob had, David had, Solomon had. God told David, by the mouth of Nathan, when he upbraided him with ingratitude for the blessings he had given him, 'And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom.'" (2 Sam., xii., 8.)

Dr. Ross, therefore, with a stern consistency that does honour to his frankness, accepts the parallel of his own peculiar views afforded by the African bishop. Already then, before the *disjecta membra* of this future Church have come together, to form a glorious body, the echo of their watchword comes back to them from South Africa. The North may turn away from them. The Christian world generally may refuse them sympathy; but if no other ecclesiastical body will accept their correspondence, the Episcopal Polygamist Church of Natal, at least, will extend them the right hand of fellowship. And as Northern Literature will not answer their purpose, and a Publishing Board will of course be a necessity, we presume the author of the pamphlet before us would consent to its issue as the first of a series of doctrinal tracts.

Sensible men—like the leader in the exodus of the Southern Church—plainly perceive that polygamy and slavery must stand or fall together. The interpretation that defends one, shields the other. They are the Castor and Pollux that compose the figure-head of the Southern Argo. Undoubtedly there are some, little sympathizing with the South African Bishop, who would try to divorce them, and would drop one of the twin abominations, and be monogamists at least so far as alliance with them is concerned. But we see no room for any such choice. Dr. Ross accepts the conclusion of his own logic, nor can we see how it is possible for him to stop an inch short of his brother across the sea. Polygamy and slavery must be regarded as the siamese twins of morals, and to sunder them with any regard to the life of either, would be more difficult than the Bishop of Natal finds the subject of divorce.

Thus the policy of so interpreting the Bible that it shall not come in conflict with slavery has been initiated, and now polygamy seeks a shelter under the same plea. Dr. Colenso contends that it is in vain to attempt to make converts among polygamists, so long as they are told that the Bible condemns their peculiar system as a sin. "Not an instance," he says, "can be produced in all the experience of the missionaries of Natal, of a man conversion was a polygamist on any large scale." What, then, is to be done? Why, with Dr. Colenso, remove the obstacle! Argue, as he has done, that the Bible nowhere condemns polygamy. Then the Gospel will have free course. Men will not be prejudiced against it.

But where is the thing to stop? It would be difficult to say. The Cooly system, the lottery system, and kindred institutions will not long allow slavery and polygamy to monopolize the Bible to themselves. They will demand their share in the proceeds of the plundered temple of truth. Ahab's lying prophets will be canonized, and Jesuit Revaillacs will make of Ehud a patron saint. War, with its finger dipped in blood, will point to Abraham as a chieftain, and to the extermination of the Canaanites as an example, and rebuke any mild reprover as an infidel fanatic.

Yet we have been pointed to the revival tokens of God's spirit, as lending their seal already to the pious enterprise of the embryo Church. The principle which opens the door to slavery or polygamy, and to every evil that can offer an equivalent plea, is its distinguishing characteristic and its crowning glory—if we are to judge from the confessions of its leader. And—not in spite of this, but in consequence of it—the blessing is bestowed! Certainly, if this interpretation of the Bible is to prevail in the new enterprise, the General Assembly has not done its work too soon.

There is something significant in the fact that just at the present juncture, polygamy should stretch its hand from the African continent across the ocean and grasp in fellowship the hand of slavery. We have on our South-western borders a strange colony of emigrants from the four quarters of the globe, as unique—we may say as horrible—as any that the sun ever shone upon. They claim a divine sanction for their peculiar institution. In all their antecedents they seem to be elaborately parodying the "man of Ross." Under the pretext of Bible authority and patriarchial example, they outrage at once every sentiment of justice, of decency and of religion. The indignation of the land is accumulating over them, as a second Sodom. The Salt Lake Valley seems to stand waiting, like that of old, for a monumental pillar, while the consuming fires descend. There they are, with the eyes of the world fixed upon them. Do they need an advocate, at such a crisis, who can give them the pretext of honest conviction, by wresting the Bible to the support of their peculiar system? They find it in one who, from beyond the ocean, labours to reproduce, *mutatis mutandis*, the very arguments which in this noon-day of the nineteenth century, are the pillar of cloud that guides the Southern exodus. And what do these things mean? Is there not a significant providence in thus bringing polygamy and slavery face to face, upon almost the same lines of latitude, and demanding that he who in the name of the Bible accepts one, shall accept both? Are we not authorized to refer these champions of slavery from the Bible, for a short answer to their arguments, to the views of Dr. Colenso, as they display their beauty on the plains of Utah? For with what face shall the Southern Church rebuke St. Brigham of the Mormon dispensation for adopting one of the two "peculiar institutions" of the Abrahamic age, while they so proudly "accept" the other?

For our part, we must express our solemn disapproval of what will be regarded as the leading principle of the Southern Church. It is too radical for us. Our conservatism clings not only to the Assembly's action of 1818, but to a much more ancient document, that inculcates universal justice and universal love. We cannot give it up. We cannot surrender it to the interpretations of Dr. Ross or Dr. Colenso. Not by our consent shall a sacrilegious path be opened to the holy of holies, or polygamy and slavery be allowed to cling to the two horns of the altar. We freely confess our apprehension of the future of a Church, which puts forward in the published writings of its leading spirit views that run so parallel to those which our American missionaries are combating in South Africa, and which find a practical exemplification in the Western Sodom, by the shores of the Great Salt Lake, the American Dead Sea. Notwithstanding the signal blessing which accompanied the setting up of the new Church, we apprehend that it will be necessary to free itself from the suspicion of being leavened or seriously infected with such gross interpretations of the word of God.—*Evangelist.*

MR. GIDDINGS ON THE UNION.

From The Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel.

To the Editor of The Ohio Statesman.

Sir: In a late paper you charge me with privately entertaining views hostile to our present Union. Had you respectfully enquired my opinion, you must have been aware that you would get an explicit answer.

The Union formed by our fathers in 1776 was characterized by that lofty patriotism, that heroic devotion to the rights of man, which deservedly called forth the admiration of the civilized world. The founders of that Union were governed by no sordid views. They claimed for themselves no particular privileges. They spoke and fought and bled for those rights which pertain to every human being; declaring life, liberty and happiness to be "*gifts of God*" conferred on all who bear his image. They declared our Government to be constituted for their protection.

These doctrines gave character to the Union which was based upon them. It was formed not as an end, but as a means to sustain these truths. Without those principles the Union itself was of no importance, entitled to no respect, no veneration. The Barbary States were united for making war upon those rights—ours to maintain them. And when our Union is perverted to the purposes for which that of Algiers and Tunis was formed, it becomes no more honourable, and is entitled to no more respect than theirs.

But to the Union of 1776 I refer with the most profound reverence, with deep emotions of gratitude to Him who endowed those sages with wisdom to frame, with firmness to avow, and heroism to support those sacred truths which seem to have descended warm and glowing from the bosom of God.

That Union was long since abandoned. It lives only upon the pages of history. Neither you nor I can support it; we can only exert our influence to perpetuate the *doctrines* on which it was based. They are eternal; they will exist while the throne of Heaven remains. To those doctrines I cling with an undying grasp. They embrace all that remains of our revolutionary struggle. True, they are abandoned, repudiated and trampled upon by those now in power; but they cannot be blotted from existence. Your own heart responds to their divinity, while sustaining a party that makes war upon them. You feel the intuitive conviction that your life was bestowed upon you by the Omnipotent Mind; that it is yours; that you alone have the right to enjoy it; and that neither despot nor pirate, nor any organization of man, have the legitimate power to deprive you of it, while you observe and respect the rights of others. You are equally conscious that the same right pertains to every member of the human family. You are also convinced that God and all good men require you to do unto others as you would have others do unto you; that our Government was based upon this religious truth. I mention these facts for the reason that you and I live in an enlightened community, where no editor or statesman dare stand forth and frankly avow that any man or any number of men possess the right to enslave and hold in bondage the humblest, the most degraded being who bears the image of God. I respect these doctrines as constituting the essential, the important element of the Union.

When Louisiana and Florida were annexed, it was done by common consent; no man proposed any change of the doctrines adopted in 1776. The substance of the original Union was retained; its doctrines were adhered to. But Texas was annexed for the avowed purpose, the ulterior design, of abandoning those doctrines, and prostituting our Federal power and influence to the support, the extension, the eternization of human bondage.

The terms on which our new Union was formed were offensive to the dignity, to the self-respect of every freeman of our State. By those terms, the holder of one hundred slaves gives to Texas the same influence in the election of President, and in the control of the Federal Government, that sixty-one such men as you and myself add to that of Ohio. This placing the freemen of Ohio on the level of Texan slaves, so far below the slaveholders of that State, commands no respect from me. If you love that degradation, I do not.

In March, 1843, I had the honour to unite with that venerable statesman, John Quincy Adams, and twenty other members of Congress, in an address to the people of the free States, informing them of the secret plot then maturing for the overthrow of the Union and the abandonment of the doctrines on which it was based, by annexing Texas, and adopting a system of extending and maintaining slavery. In May, 1844, I had the honour of addressing the House of Representatives on that subject; and again in January, 1845, I gave further expression to my views in relation to it. To those speeches I desire to add nothing; from them I desire to retract nothing. You will find them in the *Congressional Globe* of those sessions.

They were delivered before the old Union was abandoned, or the new one formed. I warned our people of those disasters which have followed. I publicly stated before the nation, my opinion that the people of Ohio ought not to be dishonoured by going into a Union with foreign slaveholders upon terms of such disgraceful inequality; that my own self-respect revolted at the idea of sitting in that hall beside oligarchs from Texas; that my ancestors had fought for no such degradation of their offspring.

I foretold the war into which it plunged our nation. Eighty thousand human victims were sacrificed to extend slavery, within three years after the Union of our fathers had been abandoned. The amount of human suffering cannot be estimated. The pains, the sighs, the tears, the broken hearts, cannot be enumerated. The lives and happiness of those victims were as dear to each as yours or mine is to us. Your vote and influence was lent to the commission of those murders; the blood of those victims is yet dripping from your hands. Such were the first fruits of our Union with Texas. If you revere such a Union, if you love such crimes, or the men, or the organization that perpetrated them, *I do not*; before God and mankind I abhor the crimes, the administration, and the men who committed them. I have no time to speak of the corruption, the open bribery, which taxed the freemen of Ohio and the other free States thirteen millions of dollars for Texan debts; a sum equal to the whole annual expenditure of Government under Mr. Adams's administration. I have no time to speak of the sad effects which the abandonment of the old Union and doctrines, and the war that followed, had upon the morals of our nation. I will only say that when a people or Government or Administration lends his or their influence to give one portion of mankind power over the lives, the liberties, the happiness of others, they cannot be expected to hesitate at the perpetration of any other crime; no moral principles can govern them. The last and the present Administration have fully illustrated this proposition.

The next important result of annexing Texas, was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the open avowal that the people of a territory may, if they choose, rightfully enslave a portion of our race, may hold the life, the liberty, the happiness of the slave at the master's disposal. This constituted an unmistakeable repudiation of man's inalienable rights, expressed in our Declaration of Independence.

The military invasion of Kansas, the usurpation of its government by Missouri ruffians, acting with the consent and approval of the Administration, the barbarous laws which those ruffians enacted for the government of the people, the enforcement of those enactments by an armed force, the maintainance of a military despotism over that Territory, the murders, the civil war which has so long existed there, the recent scoundrelism practised by the border ruffian Convention and upheld by the Administration, are the natural sequence of the doctrines which were adopted at the annexation of Texas.

By the constant and reiterated declaration of the party in power, that "every territory has the right to establish and maintain its own domestic institutions," be they ever so despotic or piratical, the Mormons of Utah were encouraged to maintain their peculiar institution of polygamy. But our army is now sent to slay them for asserting the doctrines which the late Administration and its supporters asserted so strongly three years since. From present indications the civil war commenced in Kansas, and extending to Utah, will soon involve our whole nation.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court emphatically denying the "self evident truths" promulgated as the basis of our goverement, and the avowal that "black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect," and the adoption of this new doctrine by the President who adds to it that slavery exists in all our territories by force of the Constitution, renders our government a piratical combination of States and of men for the purpose of making war upon the fourth part of the human family, in order to enslave and brutalize them. It is itself a restoration of the foreign slave trade; it fairly opens the way for taxing the people of the free States to purchase Cuba, in order more perfectly to subject the free States to the Slave Power. It constitutes a full and perfect justification for Walker's invasion of Costa Rica, and the murder of his own men under pretence of establishing discipline among his piratical forces: it constitutes a justification for treating him with so much respect, instead of hanging him for his crimes; and for quietly permitting him to enlist new forces and peacefully depart for the perpetration of further crimes.

To these doctrines, to the unprincipled and despotic exercise of such powers by the Executive for the destruction of liberty, I owe no allegiance. For the men who have thus shown themselves traitors to humanity, to the doctrines of our fathers, I entertain no respect. From the people of the free States they are justly entitled to nothing but the appropriate doom of traitors. From my inmost soul I loathe, I detest tyranny and oppression. I look upon the ordinary pirate who lives by robbery, by plundering his fellow-men, as unworthy of life. But the open, undisguised piracy which now robs three millions of our native born inhabitants of their labour, their intellects, their manhood, and seeks to extend those crimes over all our territories and States, to involve the people of Ohio in such transcendent guilt, must awaken abhorrence and indignation in every virtuous, every patriotic heart. It were an unworthy imputation upon the people of the free States, to suppose them capable of submitting to such barbarous despotism. I regard that man as stupid or wilfully blind who closes his eyes to the fact that these doctrines and practices of the Executive have already brought us to the verge of civil war; that the consummation of villainy, by admitting Kansas with a slaveholding Constitution, framed under the protection of Federal bayonets, must light up the fires of civil war, which have been so long smothered; that when the conflict between despotism, slavery and crime on one hand, and patriotism, justice and liberty on the other, shall rage in Kansas, it will soon extend to the States, and involve you and me, and our offspring, in its consequences.

Cowards, servile dastards, who have so long urged the people of the North to submit to usurpation and slaveholding dictation, *to save the Union*, will then find that truth is more mighty than error; that God's attribute of justice will be vindicated; that no combination of men formed to overthrow eternal, unchanging principles, can sanctify itself by a *name*; that the cry of "saving the Union" will then fill the mind with loathing and disgust, as the talismanic cry of slaveholders, and of servile politicians.

I am myself in favour of restoring our government to the doctrines on which it was founded. I would punish with death the man who deals in human flesh upon the high seas, in our territories, or in the District of Columbia. I would maintain the right of every human being to life, liberty and the avails of his own labour, wherever Congress has jurisdiction. I would do this, though every slave State and slaveholder, and every servile wretch who upholds slavery, were to abandon the Union. I would do this though it should cost the life of every usurper and despot, oligarch and pirate, and murderer in the land. It will be done; our country will be "redeemed and purified" from the contagion of slavery.

J. R. Giddings.

DUTIES OF SERVANTS.

A writer in a late number of *The Independent* develops the following significant fact:

About the time (it is said at the very time) when the suppressed treatise on the Duties of Masters was in the press of the Tract Society there was also in their press another tract, which has since been published, and now forms one of the latest of their regular series. I give the title in full:

"No. 594. Sambo and Toney: a Dialogue between two servants. Originally published by the late Rev. Edmund Botsford, minister in Georgia and South Carolina." 24 pages.

That by "servants" throughout the tract, is meant *slaves*, is plain on the face of it, and will not be denied. At the conclusion of their dialogue, their "minister"—such a one as is tolerated on Southern plantations—is invited to give these pious slaves, and their fellow believers and fellow chattels, "some good advice." Then follows his counsel to the company from which we give an extract:

"Let your whole conduct be sober and steady, as becometh those who profess godliness. Learn to be content with such things as you have, and guard against a murmuring, discontented spirit. Live a life of prayer and dependence on God. Let your master, the people of the world, and your fellow servants, see that you endeavour to live a pious, godly life, agreeably to your profession, in all honesty and sobriety. When you have an opportunity, talk to your fellow servants about their souls' concerns, and pray for their conversion. Guard against self-conceit. Humility is a lovely virtue, and shines nowhere more than in a servant. Be careful to attend public worship when you have opportunity, and be regular and strict in secret and family prayer. Live in love with your wives, and keep to them only. Be careful of your children, that they do not tell lies, use bad words, or steal. Learn to make home the most agreeable place to you, and then you will not want to ramble from one plantation to another, and so will be kept from many temptations and hurtful snares. Be attentive to your master's business, and obey him in all things; pray for him and his family."

Here is a tract "of Southern authorship," published at the South, and republished by the Tract Society, urging duties suggested by the "plantation" relation of master and servant, and belonging to the atmosphere of slavery, and no outcry is raised that the Society has "become hostile to the interests of the South," nor is it "regarded as an incendiary document," and "any colporteur or distributor" may circulate it without opposition. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that Southern treatises on the duties of servants may receive the "Northern imprint" of the "*American* Tract Society," and that Southern treatises on the duties of masters must not. Its Executive Committee may issue any publication on the duties of servants—servants held as slaves—and must issue none on the correlative duties of the masters—masters who hold their servants as slaves; and when tracts, bearing upon both themes, happen to reach the press together, the one may come forth and the other must be stifled. Can there be reserved for our evangelical Christianity any deeper degradation than this? * * *

The writer of these lines has loved the Tract Society, and has deemed its sterling publications an invaluable and almost indispensable auxiliary to the pastor's work. But, oh! what can be named or conceived as an equivalent for the cost at which this great Christian Society is now purchasing the poor privilege of circulating in our Southern States *half a Gospel*—THE SCRIPTURAL DUTIES OF SERVANTS, BUT NOT THE SCRIPTURAL DUTIES OF MASTERS. S. W.

Providence, Nov. 3, 1857.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

The death of this once prominent advocate of the anti-slavery cause is recorded in the New York papers. It took place at Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on the 24th ult. For the main particulars of his career, see the artice in another column, from the New York *Herald*.

From 1834 to 1840, Mr. Birney occupied a very distinguished position in the ranks of American Abolitionists—first nobly setting all his slaves free, thus reducing himself at once to comparative poverty, and then giving himself to the work of enlightening the whole country on the subject of slavery; exhibiting masterly ability in the use of his pen, which he wielded with great industry and powerful effect. Whatever he wrote attracted universal attention, and tens of thousands of his letters and appeals were scattered broadcast through the land, awakening attention, exciting discussion, confirming the timid, and upholding the faltering. Indeed, the importance of his adhesion to the proscribed anti-slavery movement, at a time when its friends were few indeed, and all the powers of darkness seemed let loose for its destruction, cannot be fully estimated. The fact that he was of Southern birth—a ripe scholar and a prominent member of the bar—a repentant slaveholder, and one who had filled various public stations of trust and honour—and also that, for his fidelity to his conscience, and his humanity to his slaves, he was compelled to leave Kentucky, because his life was constantly imperilled, and to seek a home in the North—all these things served to give him special conspicuity, and to make him Freedom's "bright particular star." It was a case of sincere and thorough conversion—the great instrument of which, we believe, was Theodore D. Weld, to whom so many minds have been indebted for their illumination, and so many hearts touched with quenchless sympathy for the oppressed.

After leaving Kentucky, Mr. Birney commenced the publication of a paper in Cincinnati, called "*The Philanthropist*," which obtained an extensive circulation, and produced a great deal of excitement, especially in that region. Such was the fierce spirit that prevailed in that city, that his press was repeatedly destroyed by a mob, his printing-office entered, and all its contents thrown into the street or cast into the river; and he was in great personal danger, at times being compelled to sleep out of the city for self-preservation. But his courage and faith were equal to the trial-hour, and he maintained his ground with martyr-like nobility of soul.

Mr. Birney subsequently relinquished the publication of *The Philanthropist* (which was continued by the present editor of *The National Era*, Gamaliel Bailey, Esq.), and accepted of the office of Secretary and General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which he continued to fill until the time of the memorable secession from that Society in 1840, which he joined with the malcontents, and committed an error which proved fatal to his usefulness, and which, we doubt not, he deeply regretted toward the close of his life; for it is only a short time since he made a donation to the treasury of that Society, and in other ways he has indicated a friendly interest in its welfare.

In 1840, Mr. Birney was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention at London; and as he was at that time the Presidential candidate of the Liberty Party, he received marked attention wherever he travelled in England. He was highly courteous and dignified in his manners, less able as a speaker than as a writer, true to his convictions, and devoid of sectarian malevolence. It was in London that he first published his tract, "The American Churches the Bulwarks of Slavery," which produced such a profound sensation on both sides of the Atlantic by its disclosures, and which, alas! remains as useful for circulation now as it was in 1840.

For the last dozen years, Mr. Birney has lived a retired life, an invalid nearly all that time, calmly awaiting "that change which comes to all," and that "inevitable hour" which none can escape. He has entered into rest.—*Liberator.*

CALEB CUSHING.

From The Tribune.

Mr. Caleb Cushing is about the hardest cushion ever pressed by the weight of public opinion. He is rhinocerously tough as to his outside, and inside he is like the apples of Sodom, full of ashes not very finely sifted. We do not say that he is a bad man, but with our hat off, and our best bow, we pronounce him to be a bold one. A great many years ago, a certain Francis Bacon established the inductive philosophy in science; in these recent days, Mr. Caleb Cushing proposes to establish a philosophy of Rascality. He believes the worse to be the better reason, and he is not afraid to say so. We respect him for his bravery, just as we respect the gentleman with the black cuticle and the barbed tail. He flies with immense boldness into the face and eyes of modern humanity. We have heard that he almost killed Miss Bremer by his exquisite and over-mastering preposterousness in favour of wickedness. The poor tourist was not used to that sort of thing. She could not understand the equitable side of iniquity. She was bothered by Mr. Cushing's idea of Christian stealing, evangelical burglary, religious invasion, virtuous tyranny and humane subjugation. The truth is, Attorney Caleb is nothing if not paradoxical. He is a Democrat, and he therefore supports an aristocracy founded upon the colour of his fellow-creatures' skin. In his Utopia there would be none but white folks. Caleb is also for progress. Therefore it is necessary to consign every human race, save one, to a perpetual terrestrial perdition. And so, we suppose, if he felt himself deeply interested in the Christian cause he would advise nine human beings out of ten to remain infidels and idolators; and that if his mind were utterly occupied by a passion for the predominance of mercantile honesty, he would distribute gratuitous thimbles to enterprising young gentlemen (the peas included) and furnish the Peter Funks with any quantity of watches warranted not to go, and to be of the most unmistakeable pinchbeck.

While in the mood of doing the late Attorney-General justice, we must not fail to recognise his entire consistency. The Newburyport apostle is true to himself and to his ethnological theories, which he parades upon all possible public occasions. He never fails to administer a kick to the black, the red and the copper coloured. The American Indian, he is especially after. He is a kind of literary Miles Standish. He has all his life been marching against King Phillip, storming the fort of that monarch theoretically; putting him to the sword, and sending off the offspring of the warrior to Barbadoes. If Mr. Cushing entertains a low opinion of niggers, he does not entertain a high one of the Indians. We remember that some years ago he charged all the Aborigines of this country, under cover of the Phi Beta Kappa oration. Again in Boston, on the evening of the 18th inst., in inaugurating the course of the Mercantile Library Association, in a lecture on which a correspondent of ours makes some gentle and genial comments in another part of this paper, Mr. Cushing pursued the Indian with a most acute stick. He was eulogizing the Puritan Fathers. He said the handsomest things in the world concerning those round-headed worthies. He observed that he so doated upon them that the contemplation of their virtues kept him awake, and that he sat up o' nights thinking about them. He also stated the remarkable fact that he had seen "their shadowy forms floating as a translucent cloud-wreath by the heights of Boston, Dorchester and Charlestown, the blue hills of Milton" [celebrated for rattlesnakes; we hope they did not bite any of the translucent cloud-wreaths], "the plains of Cambridge and Salem." Mr. Cushing also saw the translucent cloud-wreaths under aqueous circumstances. Whether with or without cork boots and gutta percha overcoats, he had observed the Translucents (are they related in any way to the Transcendentals?) by the Merrimac, Connecticut and Charles rivers, and also upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay. After watching them by these plashy brinks and marges of wide rivers, Mr. Cushing avers distinctly that he saw them depart for "the remotest limits of America." But he does not inform us whether they have or have not come back again—an interesting question, which we hope that he will settle in the print of his performance.

Mr. Cushing admits that the Puritans, albeit translucent, were intolerant. They were, it appears, rather faulty cloud-wreaths, and in some respects, damp and nebulous sinners. The orator admits that they were "intolerant." "Be it so!" however, he says, with great composure. Toleration, he affirms, is a modern invention, like the steam-engine, the railway, the patent-safe, the photograph and chloroform. We can no more blame those venerable men for hanging the Quakers than for not being vaccinated.

But there are limits, and Mr. Cushing cannot stand by the Translucents through thick and thin. They have been accused of cruelty to the Indians. And here Caleb thinks they did rather err. But it will make the reader slightly relax the muscles of his countenance to hear in what respect Mr. Cushing thinks that the Translucents erred. It was in not immediately subjecting all the red skins to slavery, or what he is pleased to call "the double yoke-laws of the soldier and the priest." If, in bargaining for lands, they had given blank checks instead of blankets, and red-dog money instead of red rum; if they had stolen instead of pretending to purchase, and if they had not only stolen the demesnes but the persons of the Indian men, women and children, and established a nice and comfortable relation of races, like that in South Carolina, all would have been well—the Aborigines as contented as the clams of their own digging, and the settlers as safe and snug as a bug in a rug. The only choice, according to Mr. Cushing, was between servitude and shooting, and the Puritans unfortunately adopted the latter fashion.

Now we do not intend to have the Pilgrim Fathers, who, when the breaking waves dashed high upon a stern and rock-bound coast, landed under the most distressing and surly circumstances, thus slandered. They did their best to enslave the Indians.

WASHINGTON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

From the Correspondence of various Journals.

Dec. 3.—But one opinion exists as to the extreme impropriety of Senator Douglas's course in gratuitously publishing his opinions and intentions in relation to an issue, without waiting its development in due course of the proceedings of the Government, and in publicly committing himself to oppose the Administration on the Kansas question with such undue haste. His conduct is very freely censured in this respect. It is thought that, under all circumstances, Senator Douglas might have reserved his judgment of the Kansas matter until the Constitution which is in question had been seen and inspected, or, at least, until he had had an interview with the President, without committing himself on the partial and mendacious statements of Walker and his editorial crew.

On the contrary, it is gratifying to know that the Administration is eminently firm in the position it has taken with reference to the action of the Kansas Convention, and that it will sustain their action to the extremest point, and with all the moral force at its command. There is a feeling of strong indignation, which pervades the whole Cabinet, toward Walker, and which has been so exasperated by his contumacy and his boasts that it is said that he will not be allowed the privilege of resigning, and thus escaping the fate in reserve for him.—*The (Richmond) South.*

Dec. 4.—The agent of the Administration, who represented them in Kansas during the sitting of the Lecompton Convention, was Henry L. Martin, a shrewd and intelligent Mississippian, then and now clerk in the Interior Department, under Secretary Thompson. Martin was constantly present at the Convention caucuses, and it was chiefly through his representations and influence that the Convention determined on only a partial submission of the Constitution to the people. As the agent of the Administration, his credentials were strengthened by the fact that he was, at the same time, a clerk in the Government service, and his influence was paramount. Except for his interference, it is fully believed that the Judge Elmore party, who favored a free submission of the Constitution, would have triumphed.

It was Martin's despatch to Washington, also, which led the President and *The Union* to take their positions so early in favor of the Convention's action.—*N. Y. Times.*

Dec. 5.—Forney is here, and had a long interview with the President to-day. Judging from the temper he manifests since, it was not the most agreeable. He is now open and decided in his opposition to the views of the Administration upon the Kansas question, and his alienation from the President may be regarded as complete.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Dec. 5.—Since the departure of Governor Walker, the Democratic leaders have regained confidence, and appear no longer to apprehend any serious difficulty in settling the Kansas question, except in the contingency of there being a majority of votes cast for the "Constitution with Slavery," at the election of December 21. If the Free State men should not vote, and Kansas should present herself for admission with an avowedly Pro-Slavery Constitution, the South would hardly consent to have the matter referred back to the people. She could not decently and with honour desert her friends in Kansas, in the very moment when their exertions in her behalf were crowned with unexpected success. The wiser and more moderate of the Southern men, therefore, would prefer that the "Constitution without Slavery" ticket should prevail. They are satisfied, as well they may be, with the prohibition of any alteration of the Constitution that "shall affect the rights of property in the ownership of slaves," in case the nominally Free State ticket prevails; and with the degrading slave-hunting clause, which directs all civil officers of the State to be diligent "in the securing and rendition of persons held to service or labour," a clause which illustrates more strongly than, perhaps, any other, the detestable *animus* of the Lecompton Convention.

If the "Constitution without Slavery" should prevail at the election of December 21, there will not be much difficulty in getting the Northern Democrats in Congress to vote for it, though most of them would reject the "Constitution with Slavery." They will swallow the pill if plausibly disguised, even if they are perfectly conscious of the real nature of the dose. All that they require is to be able to maintain at home that Kansas has a Free State Constitution.

What the people of Kansas may think or desire is a matter of very slight consideration here in Washington. The clamour of a few thousand Black Republicans in a distant Territory, will not much affect the course of affairs. The object of the leaders of the African Democracy, is to get the question out of Congress as speedily as possible, and with as little detriment as may be to their standing at the North. If they are satisfied that the passage of the Lecompton Constitution, in any form, will be tolerated by the Northern Democracy, that Constitution will be passed and enforced in Kansas, if need be at the point of the bayonet.

As there is very little probability, in the present state of feeling in Kansas, that any but Pro-Slavery men will participate in the election, the chances are that the "Constitution with Slavery" will be laid before Congress. The result can hardly fail to be a violent quarrel between the Northern and Southern wings of the African Democracy. There are very few Northern members whose constituencies will sustain them in voting for the Constitution with Slavery, and very few Southern members whose constituencies will sustain them in voting against it. If either faction gives way, it will be the Southern; and whatever arrangement is made can hardly fail to be preferable to the Lecompton iniquity. In any event, the safest policy for the Free State men of Kansas is not to vote at all on the 21st of December.—*Tribune.*

Dec. 6.—The South does not give up Douglas yet by a long shot, and yesterday some of the choicest of the Chivalry sought to reclaim him from wandering inclinations, by urging that now was the time for a great leader like him to take the Administration upon his shoulders and triumphantly march with it to glory. The Judge was not forcibly impressed with this appeal, but satisfied his friends that he would not separate from the party, however he might disagree with the Administration which he had helped to elect. The Administration will regard the introduction of an enabling act as a declaration of war, and if Douglas takes that responsibility he knows the consequences. Already there are swords drawn and scabbards thrown away, for it is alleged there are some other motives below the surface, not all connected with Kansas, which explain this whole demonstration of semi-hostility. —*Tribune.*

Dec. 6.—The Administration begins to feel those troubles and plagues which befall all who are responsible for the use of the powers of the Federal Government. The vexations and embarrassments of the Pierce Administration were very considerable, but were light in comparison with those that beset Mr. Buchanan.

The Administration at this moment is losing friends without conciliating opponents. They have alienated the Pierce men, and are in danger of losing the support of the Douglas, Walker and Forney men. They are jealously regarded by the fire-eaters, who are ready to quarrel on any point. Worse than all, they are out of money.

The first thing that Mr. Buchanan is to do will probably serve to repel from his support the Northern Democratic conservatives; and the next is to go to Congress and ask for means to carry on the Government in time of peace. This is not what he bargained for when he accepted the Cincinnati platform, and the nomination for the Presidency. Still he is not disposed to resign his vexatious post, though in fact for the past day or two—even with the talk with Douglas—he has been much out of humour. —*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Dec. 6.—The delegation from Ohio is to-day declared to be a unit against the Calhoun contrivance. The delegation from Illinois is known to be as one man with Judge Douglas. Several leading Democratic members from Pennsylvania have already taken bold ground in opposition to the Calhoun Convention, and the rule of the minority in Kansas.

Senator Pugh, of Ohio, supports his delegation in their opposition to the Calhoun Constitution.

Mr. Parrot, delegate from Kansas, will take an early occasion publicly to protest against this Constitution, and make some astonishing developments relative to the composition of the Convention.

As yet, the Southern representatives have shown very little feeling in favour of the schedule, and you need not be surprised if, early in the session, one of the most distinguished Democrats from the South should publicly repudiate that Constitution as the offspring of fraud and the minority.

The antics of the Washington *Union* in advocacy of the Calhoun Constitution afford refreshing amusement for the town. One would imagine, from the manner in which that instrument is eulogized, that the Constitution of the United States, heretofore regarded as respectable for its wisdom and statesmanship, is a sort of Rhode Island charter in comparison with it. It seems to be pretty generally admitted here, that the Missourians of the border Counties are preparing to take advantage of any contingency that may arise, and it is believed that they contemplate a *coup d'état*, by bringing into Kansas any number of slaves, and holding them, in the event of the declaration of a free State on the 21st of December, under the terms of the slavery clause.—*Phil. Press.*

Dec. 6.—Kansas is the all-absorbing topic at the Federal capital. Members of Congress of the Democratic party are not of accord in their views. This difference is not positively sectional, for the Southern members do not agree among themselves and those of the North are not a unit. This difference, I notice, is not well defined, and there is a disposition generally to investigate further and to wait for the President's Message and for additional information and developments before taking a position. Even Judge Douglas, while he has expressed himself freely in conversation among friends in opposition to what is understood to be the views of the Administration, is waiting for the "moving of the waters." This is characteristic of the Senator from Illinois. Many are afraid that he has passed the Rubicon. It is hoped, however, by his staunch Democratic friends that he will not by one stroke destroy the edifice which the labour of his life has been erecting. It was said to him the other day by a friend that it would be surprising to see him "after having held the *bâton* of a marshal, take the command of a division." This significant double-entendre ought to make the Judge rise in time. If I may judge from the manner in which he has expressed himself already, and from his present intimate relations with Forney, who is here, and with others of the faction which has broken definitely with the Administration, I fear he will allow his position in regard to the approaching Senatorial election in Illinois, and his desire to make Northern capital with a view to the Presidency, to lead him into opposition. Should Judge Douglas take such a position he will make a fatal mistake, for while there is undoubtedly a want of accord among the Democratic members of Congress upon technical and immaterial matters in reference to Kansas, they will, for the most part, sustain the Administration in the principle of Federal non-interference in the affairs of Kansas, and the President in his wise resolution to be governed, not by the clamour of parties and assertions of the factions, but by the law. It is conceded that the President cannot go behind the law, even though he might desire to see a different state of things existing in the Territory; nor can he be governed by the views of others not expressed in a legal manner. Upon this principle Congress will sustain the Administration, notwithstanding all that is said by a hostile press or by ambitious factions and disappointed politicians. This Democratic Congress will not permit the Black Republicans and other firebrands to divide the party on technicalities or unimportant details in reference to Kansas.

The ground that will be taken on the Kansas issue by several leading statesmen is that the power of the Federal Government, under the Constitution, as to the admission of States into the Union are simple and very limited, and that Federal interference controlling the people in the Territories in making a State is unconstitutional. "Congress shall have power to admit States," not to make States; the people themselves make States, and therefore Congress has no right to exercise a control in the making of States. This is the ground that will be taken by several leading statesmen, which will tend to throw all these Territorial difficulties out of Congress, and to leave them where they belong—with the people of the Territories.—*New York Herald.*

Dec. 6.—Mr. Parrott arrived here yesterday. He reports the feeling in Kansas against the Lecompton Constitution as unabated, and as approaching the dangerous extreme of civil war. But it is very remarkable that there is but one party in the Territory relative to the action of the Convention. It is supported only by a miserable faction of desperate and violent men, without property, and scarcely a residence in the Territory. The old Pro-Slavery party, and the National Democrats who voted for the Convention in June, and for Ransom in October, repudiate the trick of smuggling the Constitution into Congress as the act of the people, and scout the pretense that even the slavery clause is submitted to the people, inasmuch as other parts of the instrument provide for the same thing as the section submitted.

Gov. Walker remains in New York. Mr. Parrott called upon him, and found him as firm as when here, in insisting upon the right of the people to form their own organic law. The Governor now takes even stronger grounds than he did in Washington. Here he declared that if the outrage were persisted in it *would* excite a civil war. He now maintains that it *ought* to be resisted by force, in which the whole country will certainly sustain him, for if this abomination can be forced upon the people of a Territory, there is an end of Democracy and Republicanism throughout the Union, and the sooner we adopt the form of a central monarchical tyranny the better. For it is better to be oppressed under a system whose principles are honestly admitted, than under one which professes respect for popular rights.

I am glad to learn that Gov. Walker proposes a speedy return to Kansas, for upon his presence there, depends, perhaps, the peaceful continuance of the Territorial Government, the suppression of which is threatened by Sultan Calhoun and his handful of incendiaries.

The whole Democratic delegation from Illinois, and all that from Ohio except Vallandigham, who contests Mr. Campbell's seat, sustain Gov. Walker.—*Tribune.*

Dec. 7.—J. Glancy Jones asserted, in Democratic caucus, that Wendell's money carried Pennsylvania for Buchanan. [Wendell was House printer of the last Congress.]—*Evening Post.*

Dec. 7.—The entire *Globe* of to-day and Supplement is occupied with an exposition of alleged frauds in the purchase of books during the last Congress. The publication has produced much sensation, particularly about the Capitol.—*N. Y. Associated Press.*

Dec. 7.—Forney had a long and satisfactory interview with the President to-day, in which the latter [former?] was assured that the attacks on him in the *Union* were not officially authorized. The President also declared distinctly that he would not accept a renomination if unanimously tendered by the party.—*N. Y. Times.*

Dec. 7.—The Senate Republican caucus (Hale in the chair) nominated Hamlin of Maine for President *pro tem.*, and appointed Messrs. Seward, Foot and Wade a Committee to call future caucuses when desired. In the House caucus there was a brief discussion on a resolution introduced by Perit of Indiana, relative to the practical repudiation of the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty by the Democracy, in which Mr. Banks said the Democratic party seems to have committed itself solely to the office of propagating slavery. The Republican party represented the opposition to that policy, and contained the elements to defeat it.—*Times.*

Dec. 7.—Concerning Kansas, the position and intentions of Senator Douglas form the only serious subject of speculation. Whatever course he may take, his action seems likely to be decisive of the Kansas question, so far as Washington is concerned. He can defeat the Lecompton Constitution or cause it to be accepted. At least thirty Northern Democrats in the House, it is said, will follow his lead. Thus far he has certainly expressed himself strongly against its ratification, but his position is a highly critical one in any event, and a day or an hour may work a total change in his intentions.

It is asserted very confidently that combinations are forming to bring forward Franklin Pierce as the successor to Mr. Buchanan in 1860. It is even said that the ex-President declares himself sure of the nomination. I wish he may get it.—*Tribune.*

Dec. 7.—The Republican caucus met at 10 o'clock and made the following nominations to be supported in the House:

Speaker—G. A. Grow, of Pennsylvania.
Clerk—B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri.
Sergeant-at-Arms—C. P. Babcock, of Michigan.
Doorkeeper—N. Darling, of New York.
Postmaster—Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania.
Printer—George M. Weston, of District of Columbia.

Messrs. Banks, Blair, Washburne of Maine, and Giddings, severally declined being a candidate for Speaker, and Mr. Cullom declined running for Clerk.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was adopted reaffirming adherence to the principles of the Philadelphia platform; asserting continued opposition to any Administration that does not practically enforce said doctrine; declaring resistance, by all constitutional means, to the recent attempts of the judicial and executive departments of the Government to nationalize the sectional institution of slavery, denouncing the recent outrages perpetrated in Kansas by the Administration party; repudiating the Lecompton Constitution; proclaiming that the people should be permitted to form and regulate their own institutions in their own way, and declaring a determination to resist all outrages upon popular rights, and doing so, they invoke the support of the people of the United States, without distinction of party.—*Evening Post.*

Dec. 7.—I can give you at length reliable intelligence upon the Kansas question. It is certain that President Buchanan adheres firmly and fully to the Lecompton plan, and that the Administration will give a thorough and determined support to the Constitution in the shape in which it will be sent to Congress after the election of December 21. It is equally certain that Senator Douglas will act in direct opposition to the course of the President on this question. He will oppose the Lecompton Constitution in any shape, unless it receives as a whole the sanction of the people at a fair election. He stated his determination frankly and squarely to a number of Southern Members of Congress who called upon him at his house this evening. I have good reason to believe that in the course he will pursue Mr. Douglas may reckon upon the coöperation of all, or nearly all, the Senators from the North-West.

The editor of *The Leavenworth Journal* arrived here this morning, and says that he himself and his pro-slavery friends intend voting for the "Free State" clause submitted to the People. He announces positively that Gen. Calhoun will pursue the same course, and is unreserved in his declaration to that effect. He returns on Thursday to participate in the election.

Capt. Walker, Aid to the Governor, received a letter from Secretary Stanton yesterday, stating that from five to ten thousand votes would be polled, and that there would be a decided majority for a Free State.

Some intimation of invasion from Missouri has been conveyed to other sources of information. If this intelligence be confirmed by the result, it is supposed that Mr. Douglas's position will be embarrassed by his committal against the Constitution.

A large concourse assembled at the Capitol this morning, to witness the opening of Congress. The whole diplomatic corps was present. The day was exceedingly auspicious.

Col. Orr's speech on taking the chair was quite save-the-Union-ish, and looked Presidencyward. Mr. Giddings swore in Orr. This is the third occasion on which he has officiated.—*Tribune.*

Dec. 7.—A rumour prevails here that in case the President's Message sustains the Lecompton Constitution, Gov. Walker designs issuing an address to the People of the Union, recommending the Free State men to resist the enforcement of the Constitution by arms; and that if he is removed by the President, Gov. Walker will immediately return to Kansas, to join the People's movement. This corresponds with previous private statements of Gov. Walker's declarations. I cannot, however, vouch for the authenticity of the rumour.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Dec. 8.—Senators Pugh, Jones, Stuart, Allen, and Broderick, may be relied upon to sustain Douglas, and the Lecompton Constitution can never be forced through the Senate. Pugh is likely to follow Douglas with a speech in the same vein.

The probability is that the Southern men will settle down upon opposition to the admission of Minnesota, unless Kansas is admitted at the same time. This programme is already foreshadowed.

Intelligence reaches us to-day, from reliable sources, that the Pro-Slavery party, in the border Counties in Missouri, are organizing for an irruption into Kansas on election day. Secretary Stanton fears they may swell the vote for the Constitution to six or seven thousand.—*N. Y. Times.*

Dec. 8.—To-day should be marked with a white stone. If the promise of to-day shall be fulfilled to-morrow, we are at the dawn of a new era in our history—at the beginning of a most momentous political contest. The remarks of Mr. Douglas in the Senate to-day are almost universally considered decisive of his ultimate secession from the Administration and from the South. The Southern Senators, Mason and Davis, plainly showed that they so considered it, by their tone and manner. A Southern Senator congratulated General Wilson on the accession of Mr. Douglas to the Republican party: "You have got a new leader, who will lead you to the devil, as he has led us." This was clearly a confession of a fact which every year will make more conspicuous—that the passage of the Nebraska-Kansas act, although an apparent triumph, was in reality the beginning of the ruin of the Democratic party.

Much, very much, depends on Mr. Douglas's speech, which is expected at 1 o'clock to-morrow. If he falters, and equivocates, and qualifies, he will only throw himself away—he will be driven to the wall and crushed. In any case, the whole weight of the Administration and of the South will be thrown against him. If he confronts them boldly, and takes a resolute and thoroughgoing position, he has the whole North, the majority of the nation, with him.

President Buchanan and the pro-slavery leaders here hope that the Free State men in Kansas will vote on the 21st of December, and thus send to Congress a nominally Free State Constitution. To get such a vote is now their game, for, if the Free State men refuse to vote, and Kansas comes here for admission with a plain, palpable, Slave State Constitution, the dissensions of the Democracy will be altogether past healing.

Governor Walker will be here to-morrow, and will probably put forth an address to the people, in reply to the Message.

[*From another Correspondent.*]—The reading of the Message made a sensation in the Senate. Douglas promptly announced his dissent from the President on Kansas, stating that he would take an early opportunity to express his sentiments. Stuart followed to the same effect. Davis sustained the doctrine of the Lecompton Convention throughout. Bigler gave in his adhesion publicly, as he had previously committed himself in private, to the lame defence of the President's policy. Hale assailed the Message for gross inconsistencies, showing a perversion of historical facts. Seward reviewed it generally, condemning the Kansas part, but applauding others, and commending the whole as superior to those of General Pierce. Mason vehemently proclaimed that the action of the Lecompton Convention was binding, even if no part of the Consilution had been submitted to the people, since the whole power had been delegated by the people—meaning the Border Ruffians. Douglas signified his readiness to deliver his views to-morrow, since both sides seemed desirous of proceeding with debate.

At this point, Kansas documents were ordered to be printed, and others accompanying the Message were deferred. Trumbull closed with a brief and scathing review of the Message, citing from an old speech of President Buchanan's, wherein he contended that, if a Territorial Legislature called a Convention to form a State Constitution, the act was a usurpation, and not binding. —*Tribune.*

THE LEMMON SLAVE CASE.

THE DECISION OF JUDGE PAINE SUSTAINED—SLAVES NOT TO BE HELD IN THIS STATE IN TRANSITU—JUDGE ROOSEVELT DISSENTS.

Jonathan Lemmon, plaintiff in error, vs. The People, ex rel. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, defendant in error.—This celebrated case, it will be remembered, was first tried before Judge Paine, of the Superior Court, who discharged certain slaves belonging to Mr. Lemmon, on the ground that they could not be held in this State. Mr. Lemmon claimed that he was holding them *in transitu*, from Virginia to Texas, and, by the comity of States, he could do so. The Judge, however, decided otherwise, and Mr. Lemmon appealed. An elaborate argument was had, and, on Monday morning, Dec. 7, the Court rendered the following

OPINION.

BY THE COURT.—The act of the Legislature of this State, passed in 1817, and reënacted in parts in 1830 (1 R. S. 656), declaring that "no person, held as a slave, shall be imported, introduced, or brought into this State, on any pretence whatsoever, except in the cases herein specified," and that "every such person shall be free," applies to this case. The slaves in this case were brought from Virginia into this State, and remained here some short time; and, although they were only brought here with a view to carry them from this State to Texas, they were (after the exceptions in that article were repealed by a subsequent act) within the prohibitions of that act, and are free if those acts be constitutional. The addition made to the act, in the Revised Statutes of 1830, seems to have been intended to place this beyond doubt (see sec. 659). It is, "Every person born in this State, whether white or coloured, shall be FREE (the capitals are in the Statute), and every person brought into this State as a slave, except as authorized by this title, shall be FREE." One of the exceptions mentioned in that title allows a person, not an inhabitant of this State, travelling to or from, or passing through this State, to bring his slave here and take him away again, "provided that, if the slave continued here more than nine months," he should be free. Those exceptions are repealed by the act of 1841.

Comity does not require any State to extend any greater privileges to the citizens of another State than it grants to its own. As this State does not allow its own citizens to bring a slave here, even *in transitu*, and to hold him as a slave for any portion of time, it cannot be expected to allow the citizens of another State to do so.

Subdivision I. of section 2 of article 4 of the Constitution of the United States makes this measure of comity a right, but with the limitation above stated; it gives to the citizens of a sister State only the same privileges and immunities in our State which our laws give to our own citizens. It declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Subdivision 3 of that section is confined to the case of a person, held to service or labor, escaping from one State into another; it does not extend to the case of a person voluntarily brought by his master into another State, for any period of time; it cannot, by any rule of construction, be extended to such a case. It is "no person, held to service or labor, in one State, under the laws thereof, *escaping* into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor," &c.

The clause of the Constitution giving to Congress power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes," confers no power on Congress to declare the *status* which any person shall sustain while in any State of the Union. This power belonged originally to each State, by virtue of its sovereignty and independent character, and has never been surrendered. It has not been conferred on Congress, or forbidden to the States, unless in some provisions in favour of personal rights; and is, therefore, restrained by each State and may be exercised, as well in relation to persons *in transitu* as in relation to those remaining in the State.

The power to regulate commerce may be exercised over persons as passengers only when on the ocean, and until they come under State jurisdiction. It ceases when the voyage ends, and then the State laws control.

This power to regulate commerce, it has been expressly declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, did not prevent the State of Mississippi from prohibiting the importation of slaves into that State, for the purpose of sale. The same Court has held that goods, when imported, can (notwithstanding any State law) be *sold* by the importer in the original packages. It follows that the power to regulate commerce confers on the United States some check on the State legislation, as to goods or merchandise, after it is brought into the State, but none as to *persons* after they arrive within such State.

If this could be regarded, in the case of the slaveholding States, a police regulation, it may also be so regarded as to the free States; they consider (as the legislation of this State, for many years, has shown) that the holding of slaves, in this State, for any purpose, is injurious to our condition, and to the public peace, as it is opposed to the sentiment of the people of this State.

The judgment or order below should be affirmed with costs.

Judge Mitchell remarked that all the judges concurred in this decision except Judge Roosevelt, who would shortly write out his reasons for dissenting.

SOUTHERN PIETY.

From The Tribune.

OUR interest in all the newly invented Christianities is well known, including the commercial style so ably represented in this city by a certain big journal, and also the Southern variety of which Dr. Ross is the vigorous defender and the lucid expounder. It is our desire to give to our readers ample and accurate information of all novelties, religious and secular. We have, therefore, sent a special correspondent to Utah, in order that he may furnish us with the latest doctrines of Brigham Young, the freshest revelations vouchsafed to Heber Kimball, together with a full assortment of the most recent polygamous and prophetic curiosities. But our attention to these distant, although interesting, heresies by no means precludes a vigilant and lively observation of those nearer home; and, probably, in no paper to a greater extent than in our own has the new form of religion, now developing, if not full blown, in the Southern States, to which may be assigned the name of Rossianity, been discussed and elucidated. The most prominent peculiarity of this faith is that, while its convocations, conferences, professors, and preachers, are thrown into almost fatal fits of strangulation by the effort to swallow the merest midge of a gnat, they find the deglutition of a whole camel as easy as that of a sugar-coated pill. The flogging and burning of human beings, the separation of husband from wife, and of mother from child, the systematic cheating of hard-working men and women, are, with the Rossians, if not positive virtues, mere minikin offences and flea-bites upon the religious cuticle; whereas, to do certain other things—to preach an anti-slavery sermon, to make an anti-slavery prayer, to take an anti-slavery newspaper, or to avow an anti-slavery sentiment—is to put the soul of the offender in a perilous state. While there is liberality in some respects—in such slight matters, for instance, as adultery, torturing and murder—in these churches of the sunny South, their discipline is resolutely and unrelentingly opposed to——ten-pins! They consider the alleys to be temples of Satan, the balls orbs of iniquity, the pins so many idols, with this distinction, that it is not religious to overthrow them. The man who can get a ten-strike has no chance of Heaven; the reprobate who can always hit the head pin on the quarter had better betake himself to his closet and knees; while the dexterous roller of "cocked hats" may be sure that he will find himself knocked into one, with precious little to "spare" of vital piety.

We learn from *The Richmond Enquirer* that the Virginia Conference has been in session in Elizabeth City, N. C., and that this venerable ecclesiastical body has been much agitated by the great Ten-pin question. It appeared that two reverend gentlemen, viz., J. E. Edwards and Leonidus Rosser, while for their health visiting Virginia Springs, last summer, not content with imbibing the salubrious and exhilarating natural beverage of that rustic retreat, being instigated by Satan, and falling headlong from grace, resorted to a bowling-alley and indulged in a game of ten-pins. Full particulars of this interesting but sinful encounter are not given. The name of the reverend conqueror is not mentioned, nor the amount of either's score, which, as they probably played very badly, is not of much consequence. But we are enabled to affirm that, for the short-lived rapture of that criminal indulgence, both culprits have been made bitterly to atone. They, no doubt, thought that the game was up when they left that alley; but, when they arrived at Elizabeth City, they found the whole Conference bowling at them, and making positive ten-strikes of their virtues. They were put upon trial. They were asked what they had to say why sentence of deposition and degradation should not be pronounced, and they, driven from their pulpits, be left to earn a scanty livelihood by putting up pins in obscure and disreputable alleys.

We are forced to admit that, in this emergency, the clerical bowlers had very little to say in self-defence. They merely intended to take a little exercise. They were out of order physically, and were at the springs in search of health. They were probably dyspeptic, and had from some profane person heard that playing at ten-pins is promotive of digestion, as it most certainly is. They, therefore, without intending any harm, determined to take a little of the prescription. They affirmed that they rolled in a strictly virtuous and Christian style. There was no wicked betting—they did not even play for the mint-julepa. But, in penitence and sorrow, and a contrite spirit, they pleaded guilty to the charge, pledged themselves, jointly and severally, never to roll another "string," and threw themselves upon the mercy of the Conference. That pledge was accepted; that mercy was extended; the sportive shepherds are left with their crooks of office, although their hands are forbid to touch the once familiar ball.

Having thus disposed of the case, it is an act of humanity to inquire what is to become of the dyspepsias of these gentlemen? What exercise, compatible with the sacredness of their calling, can they take? Sawing and splitting wood are both good, but monotonous. Equestrianism and pedestrianism are both excellent, but cannot be resorted to in bad weather. Something might be done with dumb-bells, although we are informed that those ponderous instruments are frequently used in boxing galleries. On the whole, giving our advice gratis, of course, to the clergy, we recommend these gentlemen to assist the overseers when they administer correction to the negroes. This flogging must be a fine sudorific exercise.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

CAPTURE OF ELEVEN RUNAWAYS IN MISSOURI — THIRTY REVOLVERS FOUND UPON THEM—KIDNAPPING IN OHIO.

From The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

DURING the past week we heard, through a gentleman living near this city, the following interesting account of the capture of eleven runaways.

About a fortnight since a gentleman stayed at our informant's house on his return from Iowa, whither he had been in pursuit of the fugitives above alluded to. The negroes made their escape from Clay, Jackson and Platte Counties several months since, and have eluded all pursuit until the last three weeks. The gentleman of whom we speak, we believe, lives in Clay or Platte, and owns five of the negroes. He relates that he first heard of them at or near Topeka, Kansas, some time since, whither he went to capture them.

The people of that famous burg succeeded in defeating his efforts to get his property. He then applied to the authorities for a force which was sufficient to effect his purpose. When this was ascertained, the negroes were secreted and assisted to again escape. He then hired a free negro of Jackson County to pursue them. This fellow, being shrewd and having some knowledge of the character of an Abolitionist, went to Topeka and represented himself as a fugitive. This he knew to be the key to the hearts of this philanthropic race of negro lovers. A horse was furnished him and information given where he might join the party he was in quest of.

The master, after receiving this information, again made pursuit, and overtook his negroes, in company with six others, about two weeks since, in Iowa, in a bend of the Missouri river, near Nebraska City. In company with three other gentlemen he proceeded at once to capture them, as they had determined upon resistance. The leader of the negroes fired three times without effect, when he was shot down. The other negroes were summoned to give up their arms, when they threw down *thirty-odd revolvers*, and surrendered themselves. The negro who did the shooting is the same who killed Myers at Brownville under similar circumstances some six months since. It was not ascertained whether he was fatally wounded or not. The whole party of negroes, we understand, passed through this city under convoy of their capturers about two weeks ago.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, Dec. 4.

We published, about two weeks since, a statement that two coloured men had been induced to leave Geneva, N. Y., where they had been living, with the promise of liberal wages to work in a hotel at Columbus; that one of the men, named Daniel Price, got off the cars at Carlisle station, and, finding that he had passed Columbus, suspected that he was being kidnapped, and refused to get upon the train again. When the man who was with him attempted to force him upon the platform, he knocked the white fellow down, and made his escape, and has not since been seen.

The other boy, whose name is John Hite, also from Geneva, remained on board the cars, still believing that the men were acting in good faith, and that everything would be satisfactory. With this belief he came on to this city, but where he was taken from here we do not learn, but facts which have recently been developed show that, instead of being a fugitive slave, he was free, and lead to the supposition that he has been successfully kidnapped and probably sold into slavery. A letter from a gentleman in Washington pretty clearly establishes the fact that the father of the boy, Jesse Hite, now in the employ of Hon. S. F. Vinton, was manumitted in Washington City, in 1848, by David A Hall, Esq. His son, therefore, who has thus been carried into slavery was free.

Who the men were who had the boys in charge, it is not yet ascertained, but an effort is being made to ferret them out, and bring them to justice. With this view, some friends of the negroes procured a requisition from the Governor of New York, and an officer arrived in this city from that State yesterday, in pursuit of the kidnappers and negroes. The search for both will be prosecuted with vigour.

The Columbus *State Journal* adds to this account:

As good luck would have it, a certified copy of the young man's free papers was received in this city yesterday morning by Judge Wilcox, together with a letter from Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, giving a full description of him. He had been a servant in Mr. Vinton's family in Washington, where his father now lives. The free papers and Mr. Vinton's letter have been given to Mr. Walker, which will doubtless aid him in his work of humanity.

From The Newport (Ky.) News.

On Saturday night last, three of the slaves of William Barston, residing in Bourbon County, Ky.—two men and a woman—left home and made a bee-line for the Ohio River, intending to cross above Newport. Before leaving, the two men tried hard to persuade another man to join them, but he refused, and soon after the party had gone, that man informed his master of the escape. Mr. Barston and his son immediately started in pursuit, and overtook the party about eight miles from the homestead, and made an endeavour to stop their further progress. As they came up to the slaves one of them made a break for the woods and escaped; the other struck Mr. Barston upon the shoulder with a club, which knocked him down, which act prompted the son of Mr. Barston to fire a pistol at the offender. Fortunately, the pistol shot did no harm, and the party surrendered and were taken back. Mr. Barston is a good deal injured from the effects of the blow, and it is presumed he will not recover from it for a considerable length of time.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

Some little excitement existed at the Hall of the House of Representatives yesterday morning, by the failure of the Deputy United States Marshal Carmichael to appear before Commissioner Rea with the negro West, charged with being the slave of Austin W. Vallandingham, of Frankfort, Kentucky. It was soon announced that West had escaped, but no particulars could be learned until the arrival of Deputy-Marshal Carmichael, who came into the hall something over half an hour behind time.

It appears that West, when the Marshal called for him at the jail, jumped out of the buggy while the Marshal was on the ground adjusting the reins on the horse, previous to starting away. After running a short distance, West mounted a horse, furnished him by a man of his own colour, and made for the "woods." Carmichael immediately unhitched his horse from the buggy and mounted in pursuit. West, being acquainted with the best way to get out of town, "broke" for the woods north of the North-Western Christian University. Carmichael, in his pursuit, was not out of sight of West, except as the latter was turning corners. After getting north of the University some distance, Carmichael gained on West, and, nearing him, discharged two pistol shots at him, neither of them taking effect. Being frightened, perhaps, by the discharge of the pistol, West surrendered himself to the Deputy-Marshal, who proceeded to bring him back to the city for the purpose of bringing him before the Commissioner.

Mr. Barbour, hearing of the escape of the negro, harnessed a horse to a buggy and went to the assistance of the Marshal. He found him after he had recaptured West, and, in company with him and the negro, came before the Commissioner about 9 1-2 o'clock.

West appeared weary and thirsty after his violent exercise, and drank freely of cold water after coming into the hall. The Deputy-Marshal appeared also somewhat fatigued after his ride.

From The Detroit Tribune.

We are informed that several detectives, among whom we have only the names of officers Sprague and Wilcoxson, took a supply of small arms, handcuffs, &c., and went to Ann Arbor for the purpose of catching a couple of fugitive slaves, who were at work near by. They had arranged for an amicable partition of the reward. They had a "dead sure thing of it," but, unfortunately, they were so well pleased with the ingenuity of their arrangements that they told their business to several of the citizens of Ann Arbor. The negroes were informed of what was going on by a messenger, sent to the farm-house where they were working, and they immediately "laid down the shovel and the hoe," got aboard the cars on the Underground Railroad, and are now safe in Canada. The detectives heard of what had taken place, and offered $500 in gold to any one who would catch the two black boys.

CLERICAL "POLITENESS."—A respected correspondent at Newburyport (see his letter on our first page), in giving an account of the recent examination of the Female High School, says that the Rev. Mr. Vermilye undertook to descant upon the importance of "politeness" to the young ladies—telling them that they "would not imitate the Women's Rights women—for instance, Abby Kelley Foster, a woman with a broad red face, (!) coarse skin, (!!) great veins on her neck, (!!!) and very unkissable." We need not say to those who know her that this description of Mrs. Foster is false in every particular; and either this Rev. libeller has never seen her or else he maliciously gave this caricature of her personal appearance. Shame on him!—*Liberator.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE.—WITHOUT CONCEALMENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR

Will open at 15 Winter street, Boston, December 17, 1857.

THE Exhibition was never so exquisite in its artistic features, or so attractive in its choice selection of *petite objets* for the drawing-room, the toilette, the boudoir, the library, a *great proportion of which are not in commerce.*

The admirable little gallery of photography, engraving and English water-colours, merits study. There are, besides many fine architectural pieces of other countries, *fifty-eight* fine photographs of the MONUMENTS OF ROME, by MACPHERSON, the distinguished European artist, unsurpassed in ability and resources, accompanied with descriptive manuscript text by Mrs. JAMESON. There are *eight engravings of frescoes in the Sistine Chapel*; representations of personages in the life of Moses and the Saviour, by *Botticelli, Luca Signorelli, Rosselli, Perugino, and Ghirlandajo.* These are really admirable as works of art. *Four* engravings after *Raphael*, from the Camera della Segnatura, at the VATICAN. Two water-colour drawings of St. Peter and St. Paul, by *M. Soulacroix*, a French artist of reputation. (The originals were destroyed under Paul IV.) Roman Bronze Inkstands, after *Benevenuto Cellini*—Ariosto's —the Temple of the Sun—the tomb of Cecilia Metella. A beautiful bronze copy of a *Pompeian lamp*, and a most elegant, exact copy of an ancient *Etruscan* one. A bronze ring-stand—the original at Pompeii. A bronze bell—a copy of the bell of St. Peter's THIRTY-ONE *pressa papier* Marbles (antique) found on the Via Appia —precious because no longer to be found, the very quarries being lost. They were found and are given and authenticated by the ABBÉ AULANIER, a virtuoso of profound research and rarest taste and acquirement. A small Bronze Jupiter (*the original antique*). Small bas reliefs of Pius IX. Sets of Roman Pearls, Bracelets and Pins for Coiffure, Scotch Mosaic Studs. A series of Sulphur Medals for Numismatic Students. Imitation Coral. Beautiful and fashionable Roman Scarves, large and small.

Photographs from the old masters, by the first French artists—from Palma Vecchio, Raphael, Paul Veronese, Correggio, and many others, among which may be mentioned *the Vow of the Concinna.* Fine photographs of BERANGER, with two heads of the pastor ADOLPHE MONOD, perfect resemblances, with heads of Hugh Miller, Dr. Livingston, and many others. English water-colour Landscapes. A portfolio, just received, of extraordinary inspiration—all by admired artists, sketched among Lake scenes and on the German Ocean, and made desirable by associations

ing to the rules he imposed when he invented it—little as he meant they should ever have such an application. Would it not be an edifying sight to behold the Fremont men of '56 converted into rampant Douglas men in '60? And yet it is by no means impossible that he may be at the head of the next Northern party—which will be constructed out of the wreck of the present Democratic party. If Mr. Douglas had only sense enough to be honest, we are confident of his making a good run.

INTERESTING SLAVE CASE.

KIDNAPPING AND CONSPIRACY.

MUCH excitement was produced in this city and Brooklyn last week by the discovery that a fugitive slave, who had arrived at this port in the steamer Florida from Savannah, had been, either by the order or with the connivance of the owners of the steamer, illegally seized and confined, with the intent to send him back to his master in the same steamer upon her return voyage. The facts in the case are reported as follows.

The fugitive was 24 years of age and bore the name of his white father, James Steid, a physician, of Charleston, South Carolina. His more familiar *cognomen* was "Jeems." He was a great favourite with his master and the numerous patrons of a saloon where he was employed. Tiring of the "happiness" of a slave's lot, and having carefully matured his plans, he started from Charleston and pursued his way, partly on foot, to Savannah without molestation. The whiteness of his skin doubtless enabled him to avoid suspicion. At Savannah he was concealed for a time by a friend, but on the 25th he went on board the steamer Florida and paid for a steerage passage, no one suspecting him of being a slave.

His master, it seems, traced him to Savannah, and, suspecting that he had taken passage in the Florida, sent a telegraph despatch to the owners of the steamer, or to Mayor Wood (so at least it is said), requesting that the vessel should be searched upon her arrival, and the fugitive, if found, arrested and returned. It is possible, though we are uninformed upon this point, that the papers necessary to authorize his detention under the Fugitive Slave law were also forwarded, but had not been received when the steamer arrived.

On Saturday, Nov. 28th, the Florida, upon her arrival in the Upper Bay, was boarded by two special policemen, who informed Capt. Crowell that he had a fugitive slave on board. *The Times* thus relates what followed:

"The officers produced a description of the property, and the Captain protested that no such person was on board, but, to be certain about the matter, a search was instituted. Every passenger on board the boat was examined, but the officers were not able to designate their man. Determined to arrest somebody, however, they finally selected a man very nearly answering the description furnished them, and seized hold of him. Fortunately this man, who was white and had never been any man's slave, had several responsible friends on board who testified to his being a free man. The officers reluctantly released the suspicious party and continued their search. Approaching 'Jeems' for the third or fourth time, with their instincts sharpened by numerous disappointments, they thought they discovered, after a close examination, that he answered the description. So, taking him before an officer of the boat, who indorsed their opinion that the right man was found, they quietly stowed away the piece of property in a state-room, and, taking the boat, returned to the pier, No. 1 North River, where it arrived about dark. 'Jeems' was kept in the state-room until nearly 10 o'clock that night (Saturday), when he was taken in charge by Special Policemen Jackson and Cowen, appointed for duty on pier No. 1 North River. These officers [without any pretence of legal authority] conveyed the fugitive across Hamilton avenue ferry to Brooklyn, where they proceeded to the grocery and boarding-house of Thomas McNulty, corner of Dikeman and Sedgwick streets. Here an arrangement was made with the proprietor for accommodations. A room in the second story of the building was taken and occupied jointly by the two. The next morning these officers were relieved in their arduous duties by the arrival of Timothy K. Mason and Thomas Lawler, two other 'specials.' In this condition the parties remained until Tuesday, the 1st inst., the officers alternately acting as a body-guard to the prisoner."

It is reported—we know not upon what authority—that these four special policemen undertook to detain "Jeems" till the appointed day of the steamer's departure for Savannah (Wednesday, Dec. 2), and then to put him securely on board, for the sum of $1,000, to be divided among them; and that McNulty, the occupant of the building used for a prison, was to have $100 more. The money, it is understood, was to be paid by the managers of the boat. We should like to know the names of these conspirators and kidnappers, and to be told in which of our fashionable churches they offer up their prayers.

But the conspirators were defeated in the attempt to return "Jeems" to bondage. In some way, we know not how, certain friends of humanity gained information of what was going on. On Tuesday, Dec. 1st, Mr. Theodore Tilton, one of the editors of *The Independent*, made an affidavit that a man was restrained of his liberty at the place above named, whereupon the Hon. Erastus D. Culver, Judge of the Brooklyn City Court, issued a *habeas corpus*, addressed "to Thomas McNulty, and to his servants and agents, and to every and any persons having in charge, detention or keeping, the person so detained, commanding him or them, or any of them, to have the body of the person so detained before" him, at his office, No. 114 South Ninth street, Brooklyn, forthwith. And lest the man should somehow be spirited away before he could be relieved by *habeas corpus*, Judge Culver, as he was authorized to do by the statute, issued his warrant, commanding the sheriff of the County, or any constable, forthwith to "take said alleged coloured man and bring him forthwith before him." This writ and warrant were placed in the hands of constables Oliver and Totten, who, accompanied by the Deputy Clerk of Judge Culver's Court, Mr. Wm. L. Harris, proceeded at once to McNulty's den, where they found "Jeems" in custody of policemen Timothy K. Mason and Thomas Lawler, who were evidently a good deal frightened when they found that they were detected in their attempt at kidnapping. The officers took "Jeems" at once to Judge Culver's house, where they arrived about 10 o'clock in the evening. McNulty and the policemen did not follow, but postponed their return to the *habeas corpus* till the next morning. Judge Culver, finding no evidence that his detention was legal, discharged him at once, and it is generally supposed that he concluded to proceed immediately in the direction of the North Star. If the owner wishes to find his lost chattel, we advise him to make inquiry for him of the toll-keeper on the Niagara Suspension Bridge. If he fails to discover him by this means, we fear it will not be in our power to give him any further light.

On Wednesday morning, when McNulty and the four special policemen, John Jackson, John Cowan, Timothy K. Mason and Thomas Lawler, who had taken turns in watching "Jeems," came into Court to respond to the *habeas corpus*, they were all arrested on the two separate charges of conspiracy and kidnapping, and required to give bail. The bail under the charge for kidnapping was fixed at $3,000; upon that for conspiracy, at $1,500. Mr. Thomas Dobson, of No. 282 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, and Mr. Samuel Auld, of No. 21 West street, New York, signed the bonds for the appearance of the defendants, on the first Monday in January next.

The following is the section of the statute applicable to this case:

"Any person who shall, without the authority of law, forcibly remove or attempt to remove from this State, any fugitive from service or labour, or any person who is claimed as such fugitive, shall forfeit the sum of $500 to the party aggrieved, and shall be deemed guilty of the crime of kidnapping, and, upon conviction, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State Prison for a period not exceeding ten years."

If these villains escape the punishment due to their crime, it will not be for the want of an upright and incorruptible administrator of justice. Judge Culver has a proper sense of the wickedness of such an attempt to enslave a fellow-creature, and will tolerate none of the dodges by which such men usually contrive to break through the meshes of the law.

But the guiltiest of the parties to this crime—the wealthy owners of the steamer—will not even be arraigned therefor. Captain Crowell, we hope, will be promptly arrested when next he arrives at this port.

The Times, in its account of this affair, thus describes the fugitive:

"'Jeems' is of medium height, slim, of prepossessing appearance, regular features, and weighs, perhaps, 130 pounds. He was valued by his master, even in these hard times, at $2,000. He can read and write, and, in conversation, evinces considerable general intelligence. His complexion is so near white that, in the advertisement offering a large reward for his capture, it is stated that 'he is so near white that he would readily pass for a white man, and is *rascal* enough to call himself so.' The advertisement speaks the truth, as it will be seen that he successfully passed himself off as a white man on board the steamer, and that even the officers, who had a full description of his person, hesitated some time before they dare charge him with owing labour and service to a master. 'Jeems' is even genteel. He is very good-looking, too. With his hat on, to conceal a few waves in his hair, he might walk Broadway all day, and never once suggest the suspicion that any dark blood flows in his veins."

The same paper enlightens us as to "Jeems's" plans of escape:

"About two years ago, 'Jeems,' tired of working for a master, resolved upon escaping to the North. With this object always in view whenever opportunity offered, he added to his little stock of knowledge until now he can read quite well, for one who has laboured under so many disadvantages. Besides storing his mind with useful information, by practicing the closest economy he was enabled to store his pockets with the wherewith to aid him in his contemplated escape when opportunity should offer. During this time he formed the acquaintance of a free mulatto girl who was gifted with more than ordinary intelligence for one in the position she was; and, we understand, it was mainly under her directions that he acted after their acquaintance commenced. To enable them the better to carry out the plan of escape devised, one year ago they were united in marriage, the 'master' consenting, as he said, 'to make his slave more contented.' Soon after the marriage, the bride started for the North, and sought and found employment in Philadelphia, at which place she remained until Friday last, when she came to this city to meet her husband. Wherever he is, doubtless, she is with him now."

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WE shall only indulge our readers with a brief synopsis of this document, presuming that they will all see it in full in the local journals.

The President begins, as usual, with rolling up his eyes, *a la* Pecksniff, and insulting his Maker with hypocritical professions of thankfulness and reverence. He next refers to the "hard times," which he attributes almost exclusively to our paper currency. The general government, however, "cannot do much to provide against a recurrence of existing evils." We must "mainly rely upon the patriotism of the States" to organize banks upon a specie basis—to increase the denomination of bank notes, first to twenty and, afterwards, to fifty dollars—to require that the banks shall, at all times, keep on hand at least one dollar in specie for every three dollars of their circulation and deposits. He recommends the passage by Congress of a uniform bankrupt law, applicable to all the banking institutions throughout the United States, making it the irreversible organic law of each bank's existence, that a suspension of specie payments shall produce its civil death.

Upon the foreign relations of the country, the general tone of the President is conciliatory, but he is evidently anxious to pick a quarrel with Spain. He means *Cuba*, of course, though the word is not mentioned. He recommends the payment of the infamous Amistad claim. He condemns fillibusterism in *words* emphatic enough, but every body knows how empty they are.

The Kansas question is treated at considerable length, and in a pettifogging rather than a statesmanlike spirit. The atrocious frauds of the Border Ruffians are ignored or excused, while the Free State party is treated as a faction, and made responsible for all past and existing disturbances. The Lecompton swindle, for fastening slavery upon Kansas under the pretence of permitting them to vote against it, is fully endorsed. The President says he "took it for granted" that his Border Ruffian friends would submit their Constitution, as a whole, to the vote of the people, and hence his instructions to Governor Walker, in favor of that course, "were expressed in general and unqualified terms." He pretends, however, that the Kansas-Nebraska act did not *require* that any thing but the slavery question should be submitted to a vote of the people of Kansas, and the bogus Convention having, in the exercise of its sovereignty, determined *not* to submit the whole Constitution to the popular vote, he has concluded to endorse their action. On this subject he concludes as follows:

"At this election (Dec. 21) every citizen will have an opportunity of expressing his opinion by his vote 'whether Kansas shall be received into the Union with or without slavery'; and thus this exciting question may be peacefully settled in the very mode required by the organic law. The election will be held under legitimate authority, and if any portion of the inhabitants shall refuse to vote, a fair opportunity to do so having been presented, this will be their own voluntary act, and they alone will be responsible for the consequences.

"Whether Kansas shall be a Free or Slave State must eventually, under some authority, be decided by an election; and the question can never be more clearly or distinctly presented to the people than it is at the present moment. Should this opportunity be rejected, she may be involved for years in domestic discord, and, possibly, in civil war, before she can again make up the issue now so fortunately tendered, and again reach the point she has already attained.

"Kansas has for some years occupied too much of the public attention. It is high time this should be directed to far more important objects. When once admitted into the Union, whether with or without slavery, the excitement beyond her own limits will speedily pass away, and she will then, for the first time, be left, as she ought to have been long since, to manage her own affairs in her own way. If her Constitution, on the subject of slavery, or any other subject, be displeasing to a majority of the people, no human power can prevent them from changing it within a brief period. Under these circumstances, it may well be questioned whether the peace and quiet of the whole country are not of greater importance than the mere temporary triumph of either of the political parties in Kansas.

"Should the Constitution without slavery be adopted by the votes of the majority, the rights of property in slaves, now in the Territory, are reserved. The number of these is very small; but, if it were greater, the provision would be equally just and reasonable. These slaves were brought into the Territory under the Constitution of the United States, and are now the property of their masters. This point has, at length, been finally decided by the highest judicial tribunal of the country—and this upon the plain principle that when a confederacy of sovereign States acquire a new Territory, at their joint expense, both equality and justice demand that the citizens of one and all of them, shall have the right to take into it whatsoever is recognised as property by the common Constitution. To have summarily confiscated the property in slaves, already in the Territory, would have been an act of gross injustice, and contrary to the practice of the older States of the Union which have abolished Slavery."

We do not pause to comment upon this attempt of the President to cheat the people of the North by the lying pretence that the question of slavery or no slavery is to be fairly submitted to the citizens of Kansas; but we ask our readers to look at the bold confession of a member of the Lecompton Convention as to the real intent and effect of its action, contained in the following extract of a letter to *The Mississippian* (Jackson, Miss.), written on the night that the Convention finished its labours:

"Thus you see that while, by submitting the question in this form, they are bound to have a ratification of the one or the other, and that *while it seems to be an election between a Free State and Pro-Slavery Constitution, it is in fact but a question of the future introduction of slavery that is in controversy*, and yet it furnishes our friends in Congress a basis on which to rest their vindication of the admission of Kansas as a State under it into the Union, while they would not have it sent directly from the Convention.

"*It is the very best proposition for making Kansas a slave State that was submitted for the consideration of the Convention.* In addition to what I have stated, it embraces a provision continuing in force all existing laws of the Territory until repealed by the Legislature of the State to be elected under the provisions of this Constitution."

Utah is declared to be in a state of revolt, and the President says "that humanity itself requires that we should put down" this "first rebellion" in our Territories "in such a manner that it shall be the last." In order to accomplish this object he asks Congress to provide for raising four additional regiments of troops.

The President recommends the organization of a territorial government in Arizona, but says nothing about Dacotah and Columbus. He advocates the building of a military railroad to the Pacific, deeming it necessary to the defence of the country.

The remainder of the Message is devoted chiefly to finances and the public lands.

INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION.—The following preamble and resolutions were communicated to us, with a request that we should insert them, as having been unanimously adopted by the Board of Managers of the American Indian Aid Association, at their weekly meeting on Thursday, Nov. 25, 1857.

Whereas the American Indian Aid Association, being humanitary and national in its purposes, aiming alike to ensure safety from border wars, and massacres upon the plains, and to secure homes and protection for the Indians, and all necessary facilities for the advancement of measures in accordance with justice and mercy, in our relations with the aboriginal race; and whereas this Association has no organ specially devoted for the advocacy of its plans; therefore,

Resolved, That the pulpit and the press throughout the country, without regard to sect or party, be called on to take such notice of the enterprise as its importance demands.

Resolved, That Dr. W. C. Gould and Mr. E. R. Swackhamer be a committee to wait upon the Press of New York with the foregoing invitation.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—The friends of this distinguished gentleman in America have heard nothing from him in a long time, and knowing that he was in India before the rebellion, have naturally felt somewhat anxious about him. The following paragraph from an English paper brings intelligence both of his dangerous illness and of his convalescence.

"Letters from Ceylon state that Mr. George Thompson had been lying dangerously ill at the Point du Galle for a period of nearly three months, but that he was rapidly recovering, and expected to be able to return to Calcutta on the 30th of September. Mr. Thompson will probably return to England before the hot season recommences."

LETTER FROM JOSEPH A. HOWLAND.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

One of the great nuisances in an anti-slavery lecturer's experience, now-a-days, is the presentation of the professed belief in those patent dodges and glosses invented by William Goodell, Gerrit Smith, *et id omnus genie*, to give the unholy pro-slavery compact made by the so-called free with the slave States a virtuous anti-slavery character. Not that there is any difficulty in clearing them all away; but they are generally brought by men who do not believe in or try to practice them themselves, and before audiences who have no faith in them. Yet, as this fact cannot always be apparent or discoverable till afterwards, and as the thing is brought up and must be overthrown, or you will be set down as vanquished, it seems oft-times to be necessary to go into the argument, to the great waste of time and labour that is needed and should be used for other and more direct purposes.

Very many Republicans are taking up this dodge as a screen to their participation in the United States Government; and that they do it dishonestly, as a mere subterfuge, is apparent from the fact that they never act upon that theory, but always against it, and from the further fact that they know nothing of its basis, and cannot at all sustain it, but can only *say* that "the Constitution is anti-slavery"; and, finally, by the fact that a little probing brings out from them the admission of the pro-slavery features of the compact.

At Willoughby, Lake Co., Ohio, I was met with this dodge, and felt compelled to make the argument against it. At Hartford, Trumbull Co., at the close of the fourth meeting we had held there, I was challenged to a discussion of the positions we had taken upon the Church and Government, which challenge I accepted, and a time was fixed for the discussion. But on returning to meet the appointment, I was sorry to find one objector, the Methodist priest, had backed out of it; and the other, a Disciple exhorter, waived the Church question, and only proposed to discuss the Constitution. And so, as nothing else offered in the way of opposition, I was forced to listen an hour to his assertions in the matter, backed up with copious readings from Goodell, Spooner, *et al, ad nauseam*. Argument there was none, and knowledge of the premises nearly as little; for oft-times the extracts read, in the form presented, told with more force against than for his side. That it was *easy* to overthrow him, I cannot say, for there was nothing to overthrow; and, however hard it may be to kick against pricks, it is harder still to kick against nothing. There was not case enough to interest the audience, many of whom had left during his prosy reading, and those remaining could not have been much edified, for no one of them imagined that the Constitution was anything but pro-slavery; and I learned afterwards that my opponent had always acted with the Republican party, thus giving the lie to his professions. And here was an evening nearly or quite wasted.

I met at Orwell, Ashtabula Co., O., with Amos Dresser, of Lane Seminary and Nashville whipping post memory, finding him the settled pastor of an Orthodox Congregational Church there, and professing as much anti-slavery zeal as ever; but his light shines but little, if any, beyond his own neighbourhood, and then, to say nothing of his Church relations, it is much beclouded with the Gerrit Smith gloss. At this place, while going through the Constitutional argument, into which I had been forced, and criticising Gerrit Smith's argument upon the "rendition" clause based on the words "owe" or "due," both which he quotes as though they were really there, and bases long arguments thereupon, I affirmed that the first word was not there at all, nor the word "due," in unqualified terms or any abstract sense; whereupon Mr. Dresser demanded that I read the article just as it stood, in order to demonstrate my blunder; but, finding that I was right, he struck an entirely new dodge and asked me to parse the words "no person," in the first part of the clause, and "shall be delivered up," in the last part. This job I declined in his favour, when he took the ground that the noun "no person" was nominative case to "shall be delivered up"; therefore the true construction was, "No person shall be delivered up." Ha! ha! ha! There is a dodge worthy of Goodell himself, and he must look to his laurels, lest Mr. Dresser should entirely eclipse him. Indeed, I would advise him to adopt it at once, as it so easily and summarily annihilates that whole "rendition" difficulty, without the necessity of his long-winded, verbose arguments.

J. A. H.

THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

CONGRESS assembled on Monday. In the Senate, the Vice-President of the United States not being present, Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was elected President *pro tem.* Nineteen Republican Senators voted for Mr. Hamlin, of Maine—Mr. Hamlin himself voting for Mr. Seward.

In the House, Col. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, the Democratic candidate, was elected Speaker, receiving 128 votes. Galusha A. Grow, of Pa., the Republican candidate, received 84 votes. There were 13 scattering. Mr. Giddings, the oldest member, administered the oath to the Speaker elect. James C. Allen, of Illinois, was elected Clerk. *The* (Richmond) *South* says he is "one of the Representatives from the North who have sacrificed themselves by their fidelity to the constitutional rights of the South."

On Tuesday, the President's Message was received and read in both Houses. Its reading in the Senate was followed by a debate which the telegraph thus reports:

MR. DOUGLAS subrnitted a motion for printing the usual number of copies of the Message and documents, and 15,000 copies thereof for the use of the Senate. He remarked that he concurred heartily and cordially in the views of the President therein expressed, with the exception of that portion relative to Kansas and to the action of the Lecompton Convention. At an early day he would express his views and give reasons why he believed that the people of Kansas had not been left, as the organic act declared, "perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way."

MR. STUART concurred in Mr. Douglas's views respecting the Lecompton movement. At a future day he would speak on this subject, and insist, to the extent of his ability, that the people of Kansas should be treated like all others, and have the fullest opportunity to regulate such institutions as they wish to live under.

MR. DAVIS, of Mississippi, concurred in the views of the President on the Kansas question, and would await the promised remarks of Mr. Douglas before he expressed his own views.

MR. BIGLER, of Pa., gave notice that he should defend the position assumed by the President to the best of his ability, and that he would respond to Mr. Douglas.

MR. HALE spoke in opposition to the Constitution formed by the Lecompton Convention, arguing that it would perpetuate slavery in Kansas, no matter whether the people accepted or rejected the slavery clause.

MR. SEWARD should be glad to hear the supporters of the President explain his position, for it seemed to him that the Message was very lame and impotent in its arguments on Kansas, and that something more would be required to satisfy the public mind than is contained in the document itself. He trusted that the debate upon this point would not be delayed long, for before we were aware of it there might be civil war in Kansas.

MR. MASON, of Va., was free to declare that all information for the last six months, relative to Kansas affairs, had come from questionable sources. If he understood the President's position, and he thought he did, the President's position was impregnable.

MR. TRUMBULL, of Illinois, denied that the Legislature of Kansas had authority to initiate the Convention. It was, according to a speech once delivered in the Senate by Mr. Buchanan himself, an act of usurpation. Congress had repeatedly refused to authorize the people of Kansas to form a State Constitution. Much had been said about popular sovereignty, but this now merely amounts, according to the great expositor of the party, to giving the free white people of Kansas the right to determine the condition of a few negroes, while they are prevented from regulating their own institutions in their own way.

MR. BROWN, of Mississippi, said there seemed to be great anxiety to enter into discussion, and especially to find fault. They had heard the Message imperfectly read by the Clerk, and therefore could not properly understand it. He asked Senators to pause and sleep on the document before indulging in a debate which would go forth to the country over the telegraphic wires, penetrating even to Kansas, and giving tone to public opinion on the premises not yet perfectly understood. He asked Senators to reflect before taking their positions and uttering sentiments under the circumstances to which he had referred.

In the House there was no debate upon the Message, but an excited discussion about the election of a public printer, the dominant party being unable to unite upon either of three or four candidates.

Thursday Morning.—Despatches from Washington state that the President has removed F. P. Stanton and appointed J. W. Denver, Indian Agent, Secretary of Kansas. Stanton is removed because he called an extra session of the new Territorial Legislature.

WE invite attention to the advertisement, in the column of "Special Notices," of the New York Ladies' Hospital Fair.

LECTURES.

IT gives us great pleasure to announce that two of the Lecturing Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and AARON M. POWELL, are now in this vicinity, with the purpose of holding meetings in the Counties about New York, and the nearest points in New Jersey where it shall seem possible to awaken an interest in the anti-slavery cause. Such an announcement, we trust, will meet with a cordial response from the friends and members of the Society scattered about in this section of the country, and that they will evince their hearty co-operation in this measure by, at once, making arrangements to secure the presence of these lecturers in their own neighbourhood, to procure suitable places for their meetings, and arouse such expectation and interest in their coming as shall ensure them a hearty welcome, and a thorough awakening of the whole community. The times, it is thought, are exceedingly propitious for such an enterprise. The result of the late Presidential election; the aggressions of the Slave Power within the last year or two, and those which are now proposed, and hurried on in so despotic, unscrupulous and insolent a spirit, have opened the minds of, at least, a portion of the people to conviction; and the general stagnation of business throughout the country has given leisure to listen to, and reflect upon considerations addressed to their sober judgment and conscience.

The lecturers above-named will be assisted in these meetings, from time to time, by REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN-BLACKWELL, LUCY STONE, ROWLAND JOHNSON, and the editors of this paper, whenever convenience of access, and their other avocations and duties shall render it possible. There may also be occasional opportunities of pressing into the service other speakers who may casually be in this neighbourhood, which will be taken advantage of.

We earnestly appeal to all our readers in Eastern New Jersey, and in the Counties of this State bordering upon New York, and between this city and Albany to communicate as early as possible with the editors of THE STANDARD in relation to time, place, &c., which will best suit their convenience, and that of their neighbourhood, that the plan of the campaign may at once be perfected.

NOTICE TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

WE take the liberty of reminding those who have unpaid pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society that their payment at this time would be exceedingly welcome, as funds are greatly needed. The financial pressure bears as hard upon us as upon other people, while our resources are fewer, and the Society is compelled, therefore, even more unreservedly than usual, to throw itself upon the generosity of its friends. It solicits not merely the payment of pledges already made, but new donations.

Funds may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York, according to the convenience of location.

We also urge upon subscribers to this paper a prompt payment, as absolutely necessary, of bills recently issued. We are urgent upon this point because printers, paper-makers and pressmen cannot work without pay, and because we have the right to make the most pressing demand, even in such times, for the immediate payment of sums, small to the individual, though large in the aggregate, many of which have long been due. Remittances may be made either in coin, post-office orders, or New York bank bills, and should be sent to this office.

Summary.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* heads its telegraphic column "Morseographical," and calls its special despatches Morseotypes, in honour of Professor Morse.

Miss Miner has reopened her school in Washington, we are happy to learn, with great success. Her object is to educate coloured girls, and prepare them to be teachers and missionaries to their own people.

LEAD POISON IN A PUBLIC AQUEDUCT.—The water in one of the public fountains in Norwich, Conn., has been found to be poisoned with lead. An analysis of the water has detected the mineral in sufficient quantity to be very dangerous, and several deaths and much sickness have been traced to its influence. The fountain has been in use 25 years.

The officer who pulled Gen. Jackson's nose in public, when he was President, has been appointed by the present Administration Superintendent of the Arsenal at Washington. Thus modern Democracy not only insults the memory of the old hero by adopting the principles of his enemies, but by warming with place the hand that struck him.—*Springfield Republican.*

SINGULAR DECISION.—At Parkersburg, Va., a portion of the Methodist Church adhered to the Northern Conference, and have had a suit since 1844 against the portion going with the South, for the church property. The Northern half have now obtained a verdict in their favour from Judge Edmundson, and are put in possession of not only the church and land, but of a parsonage built by the Southern party during their occupancy of the premises. This is a remarkable decision to be made in Virginia.

N. P. Curtis, a drygoods dealer at Hamilton, Ohio, being in failing circumstances, undertook to dispose of his property for the benefit of local as against eastern creditors, and the latter, through a Cincinnati lawyer, got out writs of attachment from Judge McLean, Wednesday evening last week. A collision thereupon occurred between the U. S. deputies and the local creditors, which resulted in the defeat of the former, the creditors taking the premises and guarding their rights with revolvers. The end is not yet.

A SHORT SERMON AND A GOOD ONE.—The Rev. Dr. B—— of Philadelphia is noted for brief sententious sayings in the pulpit and out of it. As he was coming down Chestnut street, the other day, a gentleman asked him, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the Sheriff's office?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "*Every time you earn five dollars spend ten!*" Saying this the doctor walked on, leaving his questioner gaping on the sidewalk. He was a stranger who had come to town on business and asked for information, but the more he pondered on the reply, the more he was convinced that his unknown informant had answered him wisely.—*N. Y. Observer.*

LIBERALITY OF LECTURERS.—Many of the literary gentlemen who are in the lecture field are said to be men of great liberality. Among them, says the Oswego *Times*, we may note the Rev. E. H. Chapin, who devotes the entire net proceeds of his lectures, given in different parts of the country, to the poor and needy of New York; also, the Rev. Francis Vinton of New York, whose lecture on "The Gentlewoman" we are to hear in January. He states, in his letter accepting an invitation to lecture in Oswego, that his "lecture is mortgaged for $50 an evening to charitable purposes."—*Tribune.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG.—The Oxford (Me.) *Democrat* says that Brigham Young has relatives in Oxford County, and once resided there himself with his father. He is described as having been in his younger days a religious enthusiast, with a peculiar "gift" in talking at religious meetings. He would travel considerable distances to attend these gatherings, making no provision for his family, and leaving the whole care and support of his children at such times with his wife. He afterwards fell in with some Mormon elders and embraced the faith, and in a short time his enthusiasm and ambition placed him at the head of the "church," and made him ruler of the colony at Salt Lake.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.—A company has been formed in this city, called the American Emigration Land Company, for the purpose of inducing emigration to Virginia for agricultural purposes. The land owned by the Company is situated in Bath County, Va., and during the present season a large number of families have left this city for the settlement, the last part on Wednesday last, via the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad. The object of the Company is to purchase large tracts of land in any of the States presenting facilities for settlement by sea, river or railroad, and selling farms for cash or long credits.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A WHOLE FAMILY BLIND.—The Connellsville (Pa.) *Enterprise* gives us the following: A blind family, consisting of four persons, John, Catharine, Bartholomew and Samuel Hostetler, were born in German township, in this County; the whole of them being, at the time of their birth, and are at the present time, destitute of eyeballs, but having all the other outward mechanism of the eye complete. This family is indeed a curiosity, aside from the wonderful proficiency they exhibit as musicians. Their execution on the various instruments, violin, banjo, tenor drum, clarionet, is surprising, and they are giving concerts in different places.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS AND WRITERS.—The frequent use of italics is a sign not of strength, but of weakness of style. It indicates a desire to make up for want of precision and power of thought, by a trick of typography. The better way is to italicise our thoughts, and then our words will take care of themselves. The art of the printer is a very good art, but it was never intended to stand as a substitute for the art of thinking. Occasionally it is proper to use an italicized word, but the farther apart such occasions are the better. The best italicising is a good, clear, round, readable chirography; and when our writers give us that, the printer will make the fewer errors.—*Christian Inquirer.*

WHY BIG DEFAULTERS AND LITTLE DARKIES STEAL.—Mike, a little darkey of a dozen years, was purposely left alone in a store one day, and watched through a door that stood ajar, to test his honesty. Finding himself alone, he began to canvass the apartments for something good; and, slipping behind the counter, he soon helped himself liberally to nuts and candy. Upon being caught in the act, and reprimanded, he began to justify himself by saying, "You'd no business to leave me alone, you always know'd I'd steal." The moral fits larger cases of peculation or misappropriation; it is not good in any sense for a man to be left alone; he needs equally a wife for his fireside, and watchers in his business responsibilities.

A REGULAR BLUE LAW IN VIRGINIA.—The editor of the Norfolk *Argus*, in looking over some old musty records of Virginia, came across the following:

"At a grande assemblage held at James Cittie in the year of our Lord 1616, were passed many ackts to the glorie of Almightie God and publique goode of this his Majestie's Colonie"; among which is act V. (with amended orthography): "*Women causing scandalous suits to be ducked.*" Whereas, oftentimes *many babbling women* often *slander* and *scandalize* their neighbours, for which their *poor husbands* are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suits, and cast in great damages—Be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in actions of slander occasioned by the wife, as aforesaid, after judgment found for the damages, *the women shall be punished by ducking!* And if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the woman shall be *ducked head and heels* once for each five hundred pounds of tobacco as adjudged against her husband, if he refuses to pay the fine imposed."

THE FLORIDA WAR, which has now been carried on at intervals for twenty years or more, at a vast expense both of money and lives, is about to be renewed upon almost as large a scale as ever. The total population of the Seminoles, which never exceeded four or five thousand at the utmost, negroes included, is now reduced to about as many hundreds, but the difficulty of catching them or killing them is rather aggravated than lessened by this diminution of their numbers. Beside a large force of United States troops employed in the service, some two thousand Florida volunteers have been called into the field, and a fresh campaign is about to commence. In addition to the other forces to be employed in these operations, we learn that Gen. Carter—we suppose of the Florida volunteers—has brought with him from Tallahassee to Tampa Bay some fine dogs, well practiced in trailing negroes. It will be recollected that in a former campaign against the Seminoles, great hopes were entertained of the services to be rendered, if not in worrying the Indians, at least in the way of finding them, by certain packs of bloodhounds imported for that purpose from Cuba. Those hopes were disappointed, but perhaps these domestic dogs may prove more efficient.—*Tribune.*

We gave an account, some three weeks since, of a case in Cincinnati, in which a writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Burgoyne of the Probate Court in the case of certain negroes on their way from St. Louis to Virginia, had been interfered with, and the proceedings under it brought to a premature close by the issue of another writ out of the Court of Common Pleas, on the application of the counsel for the person having the negroes in custody. Being taken out of the hands of the officers to whose charge Judge Cushman had temporarily committed them, they were forthwith handed over to the claimant, who at once hurried him out of the jurisdiction.

Judge Burgoyne was justly indignant at this procedure, but the idea of commencing proceedings for a contempt against a brother Judge was rather a delicate matter. That difficulty has been avoided by letting the Judge go, and proceeding against the counsel who sued out the second writ while the other was still undisposed of. He has been fined five hundred dollars for his contempt, which will more than swallow up, we apprehend, all the fees he got out of the case.—*Tribune.*

A STEAMER IN COLLISION WITH A WHALE.—On the last trip of the steamer Columbia from Oregon, an unusual number of the species of whale known as "humpback" were observed sporting in the neighbourhood of Humboldt Bay, as only monsters of the deep can sport. The steamer, with wind and steam fair in her tail, was running at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, when, says a passenger, a huge whale raised to blow within a half a rod of the ship's prow, its body lying at right angles with her course of sailing. Full thirty feet of the monster's back must have been exposed, and all were expecting an old fashioned

"Crash, the cruel coulter passed out thro' thy cell,"

when Mr. Fish sank almost like lead, but not quick enough to "save his bacon," for he was not at sufficient depth to be out of reach of the ship's keel. When the fish rose the water for some distance around was crimsoned with its blood. Though with diminished force, the ship struck with great violence, turning the monster completely on its beam ends, in which position it came to the surface, on the larboard side, and just in time to receive another severe "thump" from the steamer's paddle. But it was not killed, for it was seen making its way toward the land some moments after.—*Sacramento Union.*

HORRIBLE MURDER.—We learn from the Harrisonburgh, *Cuahoula* (La.) *Independent* that, on the 11th inst., Mr. William Pierce, of Franklin Parish, was killed by two of his negro men at his plantation in Bœuf Prairie. The circumstances attending this murder disclose a cool, preconcerted plan for the diabolical act.

It appears from the evidence that the two perpetrators of the deed had intentionally picked little or no cotton, and, finding they had done nothing that day, he proceeded to chastise them for their impudent conduct. Whereupon one of them seized him by the throat, threw him down, and the other fractured his skull by a blow struck with the pea of the steelyards. They secreted the body until night, and carried it about three miles from the place where the act was committed and placed it on a road.

They laid the hat of the deceased near the body, smeared the side of a tree near by with blood, and performed other acts with the view to create the impression that the master had been killed by being thrown from his horse against the tree. The body of Mr. Pierce was not found till the Friday following the perpetration of the murder. The scoundrels have been arrested, and will soon be brought to trial. Mr. Pierce was a young man of twenty-one or two years of age, and unmarried.

A LITTLE BIT OF SCANDAL.—A gay Lothario, who has, for a month past, been residing in our city, during which time he had sustained a good character, succeeded recently in gaining the affections of a lady (?) who was already under "bonds matrimonial." After a few weeks of uninterrupted happiness, our gentleman's loving eyes lit upon another fair one, and, meeting the same success, proposed an elopement; but not having the "needful" wherewith to prosecute his plans, frail No. 2 constituted him her agent for the sale of a valuable servant, with which proceeds they could seek a more congenial home, where their happiness would not be interrupted. The sale was accordingly made, and our Lothario, instead of applying it to its proper use, took "Dovey" No. 1, and decamped yesterday morning, leaving "Dovey" No. 2 minus her nigger and her lover.—*Nashville (Tenn.) News.*

He served her right. Any person who would sell a human being to raise means for pleasure must possess a soul too savage to be true to a companion. And the man who would agree to carry her plan into execution would of course as soon sell her as the negro. Ladies should never associate with a man that would do so base an act as to sell a human being.—*Kentucky News.*

A SLAVE SIX YEARS IN A FREE STATE.—We take the following mention of a recent slave case from the Chicago *Tribune*. From the brief statement of facts it would seem that a slave can be held as such for six years in a free State, and then sold as such on free soil—two concessions never before, to our knowledge, accorded to slavery by the decision of any free State Court. Where will the "tramp! tramp! tramp!" of slavery stop?

"A coloured girl, named Ruth, was taken to Caseyville, Ill., six years ago, by Maj. Mallory, who represented that the girl was given to his wife to raise until she was 18, and then she would be free. In July or August last, Mallory removed to St. Louis, taking Ruth with his family. Finding no house to rent, he returned to Caseyville, and, it becoming known that the girl was his slave, he feared that she would be run off, and therefore sold her. It being assumed that the girl was free, Mallory was arrested on a charge of kidnapping, and, after an examination before the Recorder, was discharged on the ground that Ruth was a slave, having been born of a slave mother, and inherited by Mallory. Under this decision, a slave may be taken into a free State and retained there six years in bondage, and then be sold and carried into a State where slavery is permitted. This reverses the old law on this point, and pretty effectually."

MR. CONWAY'S LECTURE.—The first lecture of the season before the Young Men's Association was given on Saturday evening, at the Unitarian Church, by Rev. M. D. Conway. The house was handsomely filled by a very intelligent audience, and the opening must be regarded as a very auspicious one for the Society. Mr. Conway is a man in the prime of life, whose reputation rests chiefly on the fact

THE LITTLE ABOLITIONIST.

By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave."

[*Written for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.*]

CHAPTER IV.

Not far from Mr. Manners's residence stood the Inn or "tavern" (as it was familiarly called) of the village of H——, the County-seat of one of the Southern Districts of Kentucky. This house was not the most fashionable or reputable place in the town. It was a sort of common rendezvous for your "half-way people." Farmers and traders, both in produce and human flesh, "put up" there, and the space about the front gave evidence of their habits. Old cigars, fragments of tobacco, broken pipes, &c., &c., were scattered about the pavements, and showed the sort of entertainment with which the frequenters of the house beguiled the time.

In place of a reading or lounging-room, as is usual in upper-class hotels, the front apartment was used for a bar-room reeking with the abominable smells which make such places so offensive.

In this apartment, smoking cigars, and blue as Monday morning, sat two men of very different appearance.

One was a rough-looking farmer, clad in his home-made "striped domestic." A weather-worn straw hat covered his shaggy head, and shaded a heavy, beetle brow. His eyes were sharp, small and grey; his complexion florid, and his lips heavy and sensual.

The other was a small, stout man, five feet four inches in stature, and something more in circumference, a Falstaff without the kindly wit and humour. The flash coarseness of his mind was exhibited in his costume. He wore the regular "Bowery plaids," fitting tightly to his overly-stout proportions, a bright red vest and blue coat, with gay neck-cloth; a heavy fob-chain and wide-awake hat, made up the brilliant costume of Mr. Eastman Spriggs, a dealer in human flesh, or, as called in Kentucky, negro-trader.

"Wal, farmer Hadaway," he said, "I find niggers higher this year than ever."

"That's owin', Mr. Spriggs, I 'spose, to the rise in cotton; the crops has all been larger this year. I larn from the papers that they've never bin better."

"Why, yes; but then its mighty hard to have to fork over thirteen hundred for a man like that ar Jacob I bought from old Miller 'tother day."

"What, mulatto Jacob!"

"The very same; and a good cotton-picker he'll make, for he has got good hands—thin fingers like, and them makes the best, fastest pickers."

"Well, how come old Miller to sell Jack? Why, he raised him, and I'd as soon thought he'd sold one of his own sons."

"Aha! Now, that's a comin' to the matter." The trader leant forward and, in an under tone, asked, "Why, sure an' who ever looked in Jack's yallow face and didn't see he was old Miller's son?"

"You've got it thar, and I wonder if that didn't make the young Millers want him sold?"

"Why, to be certain; and then the old man's darters didn't like havin' him about with that ar' tellin' face of his, and besides, they thought, from some things, that he had Canada in his head. So the boys and gals got their father to put him in his pocket. At first, the ole man wasn't willin', but a far price and the children's talk got him willin'. We had a time of it with Jacob. You see he was about gettin' married to a likely yallow gal of Squire Johnson's and he took on badly, but I brought it out of him with a stout stick."

"He is a proud sort of nigger; allers carried a high head. Mighty smart, can read; but they said he was a good worker, too."

"So he was; and I 'spects to get a good price for him in Mississippi. Now, old Bill, that I bought from Mr. Hooks, ain't much force. I got him for six hundred dollars, and I don't allow to git more'n seven hundred and fifty, and calculating on payin' his expenses, that ain't much profit. But, come, let's take a drink, I'll go the cost."

And whilst these worthies are clinking their glasses, let us look into the kitchen of the tavern.

It was a rude, low-roffed room, with a brick floor. And everything in a hodge-podge sort of manner; dishes, boxes, baking-pans, strung peppers, jars, &c., filled the "dresser," without any regard to taste or congruity. The dark, smoky ceiling was ornamented with pendants of dried beans, peppers, elm bark and bunches of broom-corn, whilst around the room were strewed, in admirable confusion, broken pots, kettles, washing-tubs, three-legged stools, &c., all of them stuccoed with the "dust of ages."

In the farthest and darkest corner of this dismal apartment, or rather den, sat six human beings, men and women, *chained and handcuffed!* Sad was this spectacle, in the very heart of the nineteenth century, in one of the most civilized and beautiful States of the Union, but so it was. These poor creatures were negro-chattels, slaves, and were sold like horses, dogs or mules, in the very thoroughfares of the town, the county, and the noble State of Kentucky. This group of half-a-dozen were the personal property of the swaggering creature whom we left clinking his glass in the bar-room, Mr. Eastman Spriggs, the terror of all the slaves for five or six counties round about.

But let us scan the group more particularly.

One of them was a tall, handsomely-formed mulatto man, with a fine, honest face, large clear eyes, and a firm-set mouth. A deep shade rested on the wide brow, and his lips were drawn tightly together. Every moment or so his indignant eye glanced at the irons which clasped his wrists. 'Twas a pitiable sight! a proud man in chains! This was Jack. Sitting beside him was Uncle Bill, a full-blooded African, with flat nose, broad lips and small eyes. The tears that flowed so fast down his rugged cheeks told of the tender and docile race to which he belonged. There were two women, middle-aged and with heavy faces, betokening little or no emotion; these had been used only to the hardships of slavery, changing homes almost with every season, first under the whip-lash of one and then another overseer. Their feelings had become so thoroughly imbruted, that scarcely the sense of humanity was left. Another, a bright lad of about fourteen years, with an intelligent face, sat beside his younger sister, a girl of fourteen, tender and shrinking, with her broad-bidded eyes bent downward upon her fetters. Very graceful looked she there in her silent, unrepining grief. She was a beautiful quadroon, with polished complexion, like a deeply-burnt October peach; fine black hair, abundant and curling like floss; large almond-shaped eyes, with slow, heavy lids, dreamy and dreary, like alien spheres. She sat there more mournful in her deep regard and sad condition than Powers's statue of the Greek Slave!

The cook of the tavern looked with a timid askance at this proscribed group (for the slaves of traders are always proscribed). They were silent and sad. Scarcely a word or tone broke their melancholy calm. Well would it have been had they thus been turned to stone or carved in marble, a group of statuary for future ages, to be handed down to posterity as a commentary upon the civilization of the nineteenth century.

"Why was you sold, Jack?" asked one of the women, in an indifferent tone.

"*Because I was a slave;*" and Jack's brow knit in a darker scowl.

"Yes, but what had you done that your master sold you?"

"Nothing, but *let* him."

"Laws, that's quare enough talk. How could you help it?"

"I could have killed myself." This seemed to be said more to himself than his interrogator.

"Then the devil would have you," put in Uncle Bill in a sobbing voice.

"Better go to the devil, if there is one, than hire with a white man for a master. The worst devil I ever expect to know is white men."

"Lor' a' marcy on your soul," exclaimed the cook, as she stopped in her bread-making, and, wonder-stricken, stood before Jack. "Lor' a' marcy! you surely never go to meetin' if you talk so wicked like. Law! didn't the preacher read it out of the scripters, 'Sarvents 'bey your masters,' and I never means to do nothing that my owners don't like, and I ain't gwine to kill myself neither, 'case I'se master's property, and he is got a right to all that's in dese old bones."

"Who told you so?" asked Jack.

"Why, the good preacher—the white folks' preacher—an he read it out of de scripters, I tell you. Oh he is a mighty fine preacher, an don't I jist, when I'm at home, with my mistress, bake de puttiest biskets fur him, and fry de brownest chicken. He loved to eat; so he did. And old mistress used to say, de preachers of de word ought to eat de best in de land; and so they ought, for they takes our feet out of the miry clay and leads 'em into pleasant paths of flowers."

"What kind of flowery paths do they lead slaves into, Sally. I'd like to see *flowers* they plant in our pathway; they sow them with thistles, aye worse than thistles. Curses on them! My very breath is bitter against the white race. I could stab every man and woman of them down. I owe them nothing but degradation, a quenched mind, and a soul made blacker than hell in its ceaseless bitterness. Oh that I had been strangled at my birth. I despise my father for his white face and his dastard heart. Poor mother! better that she had killed her loveless offspring than have it live to curse with fury the hour of its birth!"

These words struggled out through clenched teeth, and a hot, seething breath. Oh! *he was a man*, and felt slavery degrading his soul more than the iron manacles that fettered his body. The Goliath-soul was up, and burned with a righteous indignation to right its wrong. The others listened with a sort of cold horror. To the "pious" cook, it was sinful talk; to the two coarse and indifferent women, it was fine jargon; to the timid spirit of Uncle Bill, it was fearful. But the quadroon girl and her brother drank it in as answers to their own thoughts. A flash of indignation, like sharp lightning, darted from the girl's Oriental eyes as she half lifted them to Jack's face, and then again they fell upon her chains.

"Is Bill here?" asked a feeble voice.

Uncle Bill knew that voice; for more than twenty years it had rained down tenderness, though in a homely way, upon his ears.

"Yes, Betty, I am here."

And the wife's hands were upon his arms, and her tears falling upon the chains. Oh, could they not melt them?

The old man fairly broke down. His eyes were scalded by the hot and salty flood that was wrung from a great grief. The wife, woman-like, hid her own sorrow in words of comfort to him.

"Oh, Bill, bear up; it won't last forever; we'll die some time, afore long I hope, and we'll get to a better world. We won't be slaves there, Bill. The Lord is just, put faith in him."

The muscles round her mouth were working violently, and great drops of perspiration stood upon her face as her eye-lids closed to repress the tears that were drowning their sight:

"Oh God! old woman, I can't part from you; you has nothin' with you—the children is all sold. I was all you had; there'll be nobody of Saturday nights to talk with you and comfort you. Oh, I'd rather die."

Aunt Betty writhed and writhed as he spoke, but no, cry escaped her lips.

"Old woman, have you seen Sally, your child, to-day."

"Yes, yes."

"Does she know I'm sold?"

"Yes, yes."

"Poor little thing. I 'spect she cried herself sick. Old woman, you have got a little money that I spected to buy a Sunday handkerchief with, never mind it; just buy a doll or somethin' for Sally, tell her to keep it to remember me by—and don't let her cry too much arter me."

The tears fairly stormed from his eyes, and sighs struggled up from his deep breast—for slave, outcast and negro that he was, there beat in his old, broad breast a manly, fatherly heart, that the white man's cruelty could not put out!

"Poor little Sally," exclaimed the old woman, "she would do something for us if she could, but she aint no power."

"Oh, laws, no, and I hope the dear child won't be a makin' herself onhappy 'bout me, I isn't nothin' but a poor old nigger, and I shan't live long; she is a pretty little lady. Oh I'se loved that child; and she'll be good to you, ole woman."

"Oh, if it was'n't for her, I'd want to die. But, poor child, she aint got no mother, and comes to me along with all her little troubles. She feels like my own child. To be sure she nursed at the same breast with my children, they are sold from me, God only knows where, and now you are goin', she is all I've got. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!"

Jack listened to this with a flashing eye—and leaning toward the prostrate form of the old woman, asked in a husky voice,

"You love your master's child, do you?"

"Yes, as much as if it was my own."

"And her father sold your children from you."

"Oh, Lord, yes. It 'pears as if the recollection of it will set me mad now."

"Yet you love and cherish his child, then you deserve to be a slave. You ought to have slain her when she plucked at your breast."

"Oh, Lord! Jack Miller, what does you mean by that kind o' talk? You is crazy. Kill that poor little innocent that played on my bosom, and cooed at me from its little cradle; that toddled like a pretty chicker 'bout my cabin-door, made sunshine with its yellow head, and blue sky with its soft eyes? No, I loved that child. She is my child, she loves me, and I know she is cryin' 'bout me now. She can't help what the white folks do. She won't ever do so."

"Oh, yes, she may be very good now, but she will grow up like them all. By and bye she'll be for selling you to buy herself some jewelry. Oh, I know them! they are all alike. Angels in the cradle, but devils at the auction block. Yes, she who nibbled and bit at your breast with her first teeth, who laid at your mercy puling then, will, in eighteen years, think you hardly fit to tie her shoes. Curses on white faces!"

The quadroon girl looked at him and smiled, a sad, sweet smile. Her brother moved uneasily on his seat. Uncle Bill wept—but Aunt Betty's motherly feeling was aroused.

"I tell you, Jack Miller, that Sally Morton is none of them sort. She is good—she is an angel. I'm sorry she's heard 'bout this, for her little heart will be sore—but, oh God! its awful enough for me to bear without laying it on that child's little heart."

The quadroon's fine lip curled in scorn. She shared the vindictive pride of Jack. She longed for the hour of retribution, and *who shall blame her?*

Jack felt that she sympathized with him, and he remembered, as he looked upon her, the depths of degradation, in which he had left his own love, and the rush of indignant blood could not be repressed.

"What are we but lower than dogs. Have we our women chaste? Are our mothers sacred, or our children pure? We are beat, sold, and have not a spot on God's creation to call our home. Yet we bear it! To-day, I sullenly bore the white man's blows; but, before God, I will not again. I will die making my protest; I'll die striking like a man; the fire that is in me shall burn before the world in the face, and against the house of the oppressor."

The quadroon's eyes grew larger and brighter, all her young, heroic blood was up; perhaps the large infusion of "*Anglo-Saxon*" (I hate the word) worked like virus in her veins. Certain it is that her round cheek grew riper in its peachy red, and the eye more than alive in its aroused power, but still the lips forbore to speak. Her brother's face was bent low, *with his eyes upon his chains.*

The rest of the group were merely startled by this outburst; some of them did not understand it and others but partially.

Aunt Betty still lay coiled at her husband's feet with her face buried in her hands. What wells of grief overflowed that heart, eye did not behold; her tears alone bore witness to the living fountain of her sorrow.

"Hallo, niggers; what does this mean?" and Spriggs stood before them.

"I only come to bid my old man good bye," lisped out Aunt Betty in an humble tone—though her spirit was on fire, she wished to make it well for the others.

"Who is your old man?"

The wife's eyes sought her husband's face, seeming to say, "here he is."

"Well, be quick 'bout saying good-bye, and off with you. I doesn't 'low much time for niggers to be whinin' out good-bye."

Jack's eyes grew fiercer than midnight lightning.

"What the d—l is the matter with you, pompous Jack, that yer nigger eyes flash so?"

No reply.

"Cut up none o' yer devilish capers whar' I am, or I might take you down pretty quick."

Spriggs' taunts came at the wrong time, just when Jack's blood was up to its highest beat. He could not bear the weight of a feather, or the impulse of a hair's action, the flood over-rushed its weak embankments, and all was lost in the first reply.

"Dare to touch me, sir, and you lose either your life or the value of your property;" and he glanced scornfully at himself.

"Oh, the devil! I've hearn of yer high talk before, but we'll see if I can't bring yer down. I thought the licks I give you 'tother day would teach you better."

"I bore them then because I was *stone*, now I am a *man*."

"We'll see how much man you are;" and the shameless wretch struck a blow just over the brow of the brave mulatto. He started up like an unfed tiger, wild for blood, but his head swam, and his strength failed him, and he reeled, staggered and, with his chains rattling as he fell, lay a noble captive at the feet of a low and brutal oppressor. The quadroon girl growled out through her closed teeth—

"Shame, shame."

Spriggs turned toward her and, with a look more revolting than that of rage, said:

"Never mind, *fancy-piece*, I'll make it right with you. I've you for my own purposes—we'll see about this."

Poor brother and helpless sister!!!

The quadroon said nothing—but the red flushing of her cheek was enough. She made no cry for assistance, for she knew there was none to answer.

Spriggs gave a malignant kick to the bold form prostrate before him, and calling to two men who were willing, for a certain sum of money, to do his low bidding, he ordered them to take Jack to a cell in the village jail and lock him securely in until the next morning when he swore to take ample vengeance out of his flesh; then ordering that the others should be well locked in a safe apartment of the inn and the key brought to him, he turned to the quadroon and said:

"Come with me." There was a low persuasion in his tone that galled her blood. She looked upon her brother, who was less bold than herself; she knew how fearful the consequence of her pride would be to him; then, too, *slavery* had well-nigh extinguished refinement in her soul. She thought again—in one reluctant moment—of her brother, of her poor mother in her far-off grave, of her unknown father; love was denied her and pride had been still-born. So, with one tremendous downward leap—*she followed him.*

Did the stars go out, the moon wink and grow blind, the earth shiver through all her central heat, when this woman's soul went out in blackness and disgrace?

(*To be Continued.*)

[The following poem is that read by Mr. Charles Mackay, before the St. Andrew's Society last week, and which he announced was *not* intended for this meridian.]

THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

Fierce as its sunlight, the East may be proud
Of its gay gaudy hues, and its skies without cloud;
Mild as its breezes, the beautiful West
May smile like the valleys that dimple its breast;
The South may rejoice in the Vine and the Palm,
In its groves where the midnight is sleepy with balm.
Fair though they be,
There's an isle in the sea.
The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
Hear it! ye lands! let our shout echo forth!
The lords of the world are the men of the North.

Cold though our season and dull though our skies
There's a might in our arms and a fire in our eyes;
Dauntless and patient—to dare and to do—
Our watchword is "Duty," our maxims is "Through,"
Winter and storm only nerve us the more,
And chill not the heart if they creep through the door;
Strong shall we be,
In our isle of the sea.
The home of the brave and the boast of the free—
Firm as the rock, when the storm flashes forth,
We stand in our courage, the men of the North.

Sunbeams that ripen the olive and vine,
In the face of the slave and the coward may shine;
Roses may blossom where Freedom decays,
And wine be a growth of the sun's brightest rays.
Scant though the harvest we reap from the soil,
Yet Virtue and Health are the children of Toil.
Proud let us be
Of our isle of the sea.
The home of the brave and the boast of the free.
Men with true hearts, let our fame echo forth:
Oh, these are the fruits that we grow in the North.

A VETERAN DANDY GONE!

Recent advices from England bring us the news of the death of another of the few survivors of the days when dandies were in the land, of those good old times which Major Pendennis bewailed that they were gone and would return no more. Not very long ago we heard of the demise of poor old Long Pole Wellesley, under the style and title of the Earl of Mornington. He, as his contemporary, Lord Byron, said of himself, "like other dogs had had his day," and a sad dog he was in his best days, and a dog's life he led of it in his last ones. The enthusiastic prayer of the *Morning Post*, we think it was, in the Rejected Addresses,

"Long may Long Tylney Long Pole Wellesley live!"

was answered to the letter, but his latter days were evil if not few. He who had had the spending of £100,000 a year, and run it through, would have starved in his old age but for an allowance of £10 a week from his cousin, the present Duke of Wellington, to keep his poor old soul and body together. He was a prince in the days when the dandies reigned, to be sure. It is not of him, however, that we have to do to-day, but of his contemporary, Earl Fitzhardinge, whose death took place sometime last month, in consequence, we believe, of some accident in hunting, at the age of somewhat more than three score and ten years.

Lord Fitzhardinge was known during his hot youth and prime of manhood as Colonel Berkeley, a title derived from the command of the South Gloucestershire Militia. He was the claimant in the great Berkeley Peerage case, in 1810, or thereabouts, which was decided against him. He had the ill-luck to come into the world a little too soon, before his father had gone through the ceremony which the prejudices of mankind and the customs of England require as essential to legitimacy. The old Earl entered into relations of intimacy with Miss Mary Cole, a person much below him in rank, some seventy odd years ago. The question was whether these relations were such as the Church blesses and the law allows. However this may have been, some ten years afterwards, after the birth of Colonel Berkeley and several other children, he did legally espouse her, thus making "assurance double sure," though it did not amount to taking "a bond of Fate," as the result proved. On the death of the Earl in 1810, the question arose, on the application of his eldest son to take his seat, as to the validity, or the fact, of the first marriage. The House of Lords decided against it and adjudged the dignity to the son first born after the marriage celebrated in 1796, or thereabouts.

By this decision the claimant dropped down from his earldom and the titular Viscountcy of Dursley, which he had enjoyed during his father's life time, by courtesy, to plain Mr. Berkeley. All the brothers and sisters born previous to the unquestionable marriage were also illegitimated. Among these were Mr. Henry Berkeley, the member for Bristol, and the persistent and indefatigable advocate of the Ballot, and Admiral Berkley, the member for Gloucester, and lately a Lord of the Admiralty. The brother to whom the earldom was decreed was about fifteen years old when this greatness was thus thrust upon him. He has, however, never assumed the title, and though he stands on the rolls of Parliament and in the Red Book as the Earl of Berkeley, he is known only as the Hon. Thomas Berkeley. Thus he refuses to smirch the fair fame of his mother and to consent to the bastardizing of his elder brothers and sisters by availing himself of the decision of the House of Lords in his favour. The ancestral seat of the family must have been left to Colonel Berkeley by will, as he died possessed of it. It was the historical Berkeley Castle, through whose roofs, according to the prediction of Gray's Bard, rung "the shrieks of an agonising king," when Edward II. was so cruelly murdered there in 1327.

Colonel Berkeley was famous chiefly as a sporting character, and as what would now be called, a fast man. His name is frequently to be met with in the newspapers and memoirs of that time. He was notorious for several years for his *liaison* with Miss Maria Foote, the famous actress, celebrated forty years ago for her talent and her beauty. She was one of the "nice girls" whom Tom Moore "helped make a noise" at the stage door of Covent Garden Theatre, on an occasion recorded in his memoirs and commented on, quite as severely as was necessary, by Mr. Croker in his review of that work in the *Quarterly*. By her he had a family of children, which circumstance, nor yet that of his relations with her, hindered her from marrying, in 1831, another of the great dandies of England, the late Earl of Harrington, famous forty years since under his courtesy title of Lord Petersham, and who gave his name to a hat or a coat, or some article of masculine apparel or other. This, certainly, was a curious instance of the notions of the higher ranks, on these subjects, prevailing during the Regency and the reign of the First Gentleman. Perhaps as odd an example of what may sometimes prevail now came out on a late trial of the action for defamation of character, brought by the Vicar of Elvaston against the present Earl and Countess of Harrington. That reverend gentleman stated that he had contributed £25 towards a Memorial Window in the Church in honour of the late Countess, the once fair and frail Maria Foote, who, probably, at some period of her life, little dreamed of coming to such ecclesiological preferment.

Colonel Berkeley was a Whig, as the Berkeley family has always been, we believe, ever since Whigs were, and in 1831, when the Whigs came in, was raised to the peerage by the style of Lord Segrave. Ten years afterwards, in 1841, he was advanced to the farther dignity of Earl Fitzhardinge. The peculiar merits, private and public, that entitled him to these promotions we are not competent to state. They were probably for political services, and possibly from a wish on the part of his political friends, to make him some amends for the ill turn which luck had played him. As he has grown old he has not been often heard of, and, we dare say, was neither better nor worse than many noble lords, his assessors on the benches of hereditary legislation. His name will be found by posterity, if it care to take the pains to look for it, on the pages of the scandalous chronicles of the days of George IV., and in the records of the sporting world of that date. He was never married, and, consequently, his titles have died with him. And here we leave him, having been led on, by force of the association of ideas, to say much more on the subject than we intended, or, we dare say, than it deserved.

THE SOFT-HEARTED POSTMAN.

Very true, sir, *as* you say; there are many more young lads employed as postmen than a few years ago. But how can you wonder at it, when you consider how the business has been degraded, sir! How could it be expected that men like me, who for years have taken an interest in their business, should be content to shove letters into boxes at the very doors that used to open so briskly to them! No, sir, it was more than my human nature, at any rate, could stand; and, bad as trade is, I'd fifty times rather die selling greens and new-laid eggs—when I've got them—than go rat-tatting down the street putting letters into boxes!

Well, sir, *I* can't see the saving of time, always excepting the houses of the haristocracy, and pretty nigh all them had boxes before the general order was issued. But I don't mean them. Where I felt the injury of the boxes, was in the comfortable easy-going kind of houses as in the four delivery-a-day districts; pretty houses that kept their two or three servants, yet where the young ladies weren't too high to rush to the door before the servant could come and take the letters. Bless you, sir, boxes ain't no convenience at such houses; *I* was never kept waiting; and you'll see the difference of putting letters into a pretty white hand, which often belonged to a sweet face, and shoving them into a hole. Ugh! no wonder I couldn't stand it!

Yes, sir, I thought you'd understand the feeling. Besides, when a man has been long on one beat, he soon gets to know the sort of letters that are liked best, those that one doesn't care for, and those blue, thin, common papery ones that people would much rather be without. A man who takes an interest in his letters even gets to know certain handwritings; and when I was a young chap—not bad-looking either—many's the turn I've given the pretty faces watching me round a square. If I got in my sorting a letter, the very brother to lots I have been delivering at one house for a month past—bold free writing, but with a loving touch about the name, *always* Miss, and a fine firm seal—I used to put it last in my packet, and go past the house where a pretty face was watching me behind the blind, and so right round the square. When I got back, the pretty face was still watching me, only with an anxious clouded look; and then I'd give a start, and run up the steps, as though I had just discovered it; and the door would open suddenly before I reached it—O, how I did long to stop and see her read it! But one grows soft-hearted as one grows older; at least I did.

Oh, of course, sir, we are not always welcome; and many a time I seen calm faces that did not seem expecting anything, change to such a deadly pale, when I handed in a black-edged letter. I had a habit of touching my hat at such times; *they* didn't often see it; but it did no one any harm, and used to do me good. I think. Then, as I grew older, and saw a face at the window that couldn't bear much waiting, that looked *real* anxious, I got into a way of not looking at her if I had letters for the house, and not *the* one. If I did not look at her I had to wait till the servant came; but if I looked up quick, I used to hear the little feet come through the hall; and sometimes I got what I've heard called a grateful look—and yet *I* didn't write the letters. Of course they weren't all so kind as that. Some used to take the letters as though they were pieces of wood. I've heard the feet come flying along the hall, and then the door would open slowly, and the letter be received as if it were no manner of consequence. Well, of course, I had my laugh at that when I got away. No, the only boxes I knew at such houses were Christmas-boxes, and capital ones they were, and given cheerfully too. I suppose grand people are too high to care for their letters like that, or else how they can bear to have them commented upon, and handed about from one servant to another, and at last served up all stale on a silver waiter, I can't think. I know their ways from a sister of mine who has lived in high families. Why, letters treated like that, ain't no better than my greens when they've been handled all day—they lose all their crispness.

Well, sir, I can't wholly agree with you there: there *was* interest in the city business, and a fearful one sometimes. Not so much of the softer kind; though I *have* seen young chaps fire up red-hot when I handed in a dainty little white note along with the blue ones. But I've seen merchants set their teeth, and draw their breath hard, as they tore open letters that were to carry life or death, as ruin or success followed their ventures. Ah, I've seen many a sad scene in the city; because it is easy to guess what you don't see from what you do. I remember well a house in one of the narrow city-lanes, where the office was on the ground-floor, and the rest was a private house—a small one, altogether not more than ten rooms, I should say; but there were only five people, a gentleman and his daughter, and three servants. The clerks—there were four of them—had nothing to do with upstairs. The young lady *was* a lady, and no mistake; rather small with beautiful fair hair, and dark blue eyes, with such a mouth—ah, she was pretty—and always dressed in such light pretty muslins, that I remember I used to wonder how she kept them so clean in the smoky city. I used to wonder, too, why she lived there, instead of in her proper place out in the country, for they were rich enough then for that; but I heard from an old crony, that she was the last of a large family, and had left a nice place they had in Surrey, to come and live in the city, that she might be more with her father. Of course, I did not like her the less for that. How I got to see her, was in this way. I came at last to go up the first pair of stairs pretty regular every day, with one of these letters I've been talking of, only somehow, I never quite liked the writing: there was a stroke now and then slipped out in the direction, more than in the name, that used to make me think him a *hard* one; and the sweet lady, like many another, soon got a habit of opening the door for me. I went on in this way pretty nigh three months, and had noticed during that time the old gentleman looking paler and more anxious than usual; when one day, I handed him in his letters, and then began my usual tramp up stairs. As I came down again, I happened to look through the glass door, when I saw the poor old gentleman had fallen back in his chair, with the blood gushing out of his mouth, and a letter, that had fallen from his hand, lying open on the floor. All the clerks seemed out, for he was alone, so I went in; and before I called any one from up-stairs, I took the letter, folded it up, and as his desk was locked, put it in my pocket. It was a bold thing to do, certainly; but the feeling came strong over me that the crash had come, and that it would be better none of the clerks should see that letter. Then I went up-stairs, and with a single knock, that sounded queer to me then, told the servant, who, I suppose, told her mistress as well as she could. Of course there was great confusion and sending for doctors, and I could not get a minute to give the letter to the poor young lady; besides, I dare not stay longer, for I had half my letters to deliver; so away I went with the letter in my pocket, and many a sour look, and word, too, I got for being so late that morning.

You may suppose, sir, I felt very uncomfortable till I had done, for I thought if the old gentleman came to his senses, and asked for the letter, and they knew nothing about it, it would spoil all, and make him worse. As soon as I could get done, I went and asked to see the young lady, for I was determined to give it only to her. They seemed to think it strange; but at last she came, looking so grave but very quiet; and I told her, poor dear, as well as I could, as I gave her the letter, and said where I had found it, that I was afraid the news contained in it had made her father break the blood-vessel, and inquired if he had asked for it. She said no: he was not allowed to speak; but he seemed very anxious about something, and kept entreating her with his eyes. So I told her, if I might make so bold, I thought she had better say to him she had the letter safe, and no one had seen it. She asked in a sort of maze, what did I think could be in the letter to make him ill, and why I had taken it. Well, I saw she had not a suspicion of what was coming on her, and so I just said that business sometimes went wrong, and perhaps something had happened to trouble the old gentleman; and she seemed so forlorn-like, that I could not help asking her if she hadn't better write and ask some aunt or cousin to come and stay with her. It was a great liberty, and I often wondered how I could do it; but she seemed to take it quite naturally, and said no; there was no one she could ask, and she could manage very well; she—and she hesitated a little—had a kind friend. Well, sir, the news of the failure did not get abroad for a week, and I think that week of quiet saved the poor old gentleman; and for that week I still went regularly up stairs with the letter to comfort the young lady; but the day of the failure I went up as usual from habit, and not till my hand was on the knocker did I see there was no letter. I snatched my hand away, as if the knocker were fire, and slunk down the stairs as softly as I could, for it came upon me all at once. I knew then, for certain, that he *was* a hard one, and was so ashamed of him, that I could not bear all that day to think of the young lady. Next morning, though I was almost sure how it would be, I looked quit anxiously for a letter, and, as I expected, there was none. At the end of a week, as I was sorting, I came on a great thick packet in his writing, and then I saw it was indeed all over. They were her letters—pretty loving ones, I am sure—which the scoundrel had sent her back. Well, sir, I was getting old then, as I said before, and I was such a fool, that for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to take them that delivery. However, I found waiting only made bad worse, besides it was against the rules; so the next time I went and gave, I'm afraid, a very poor knock, for I was dreading she might come, as I had heard the old gentleman was better. And there she was when the door opened; and when I tried to hold out the packet as if it were nothing, she—I shall never so long as I live forget her face—took them more steadily than I gave them, and quietly shut the door; but, poor dear, I heard the sob for all that. I never saw her after: they went away out of my beat; and though I have often asked, I never could get news of them.

Yes, sir, it's very true, postmen used to see something of life, but that's all over *now*. I don't suppose I could do much for you in the greenery line; but if you'd patronize my new-laid eggs, I've got some Cochin-Chinas that I expect will lay regular all the winter, and I'll be proud to supply you, sir.—*Chambers's Journal.*

FLOOD IRESON'S RIDE.

[We copy from the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the following poem by Whittier. The story on which it is founded is thus given in the Worcester *Spy*.]

"One Flood Ireson, of Marblehead, the skipper of a fishing schooner, on his return from a fishing voyage, fell in with the wreck of a vessel, the crew of which earnestly besought Skipper Ireson to take them off. He refused. Soon after they were rescued by the crew of another vessel, and, on their return to Marblehead, acquainted their neighbours with Ireson's cruelty. This account so roused the indignation of the goodly people of Marblehead, that they seized poor Ireson, gave him a coat of tar and feathers, put him in a cart, hauled him to Salem and back again, singing or saying the following lines:

"'Old Flood Ireson, for his hard heart,
Was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart.
Old Flood Ireson for leaving a "wrack,"
Was tarred and feathered all over his back.
Old Flood Ireson for this great sin,
Was tarred and feathered all up to his chin.
Old Flood Ireson, for his bad behavin',
Was tarred and feathered and carried to Salem!'"

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Captain Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sadly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbours!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin,
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hate of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

A COSTLY BOOK.

One of the most memorable sales of books on record was that of White Knight's library, at London in 18—. The collection contained many rare specimens from the presses of Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde. The care and liberality used in collecting this library, and the uncommon occurrence of its comprising many uniques, produced an intensity of excitement unparalleled in the literary and bibliographical world. The auction room of Mr. Evans in Pall Mall, where the books were exhibited, was a centre of attraction for the most eminent book collectors of the Three Kingdoms for many days prior to the sale; and during its continuance the room was crowded to excess. Its most remarkable feature was the disposal of "Boccacio il Decamerone. (Venezia) per Christopal, Valdafer di Ratisfona. . . MCCCCLXI."

This book has been purchased by the Duke of Marlborough at the sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's books, at the enormous price £2,260. Notwithstanding the publicity of this fact, all endeavours to procure another copy of this book throughout all Europe proved useless. Besides its merits as an unique, it contains many important passages which have been disregarded in all other editions.

Never, perhaps, was so great an interest excited in the fate of any book. Its scarcity, its enormous price at the Roxburgh sale, and curiosity to see who would become the possessor on this occasion, created a great attraction, and although this book was the last to be sold, the room was filled with lookers-on at an early hour of the forenoon, and at four o'clock the room was crowded to suffocation, and admission could not be obtained either to hear or see what was going on. A number of persons then made their way to the flat skylight roof, to get a sight from that position at this wonderful book. Those who were fortunate enough to be near the table, eagerly strove to handle the volume; others, at a distance, rejoiced in the opportunity of having a peep at it, and others, more remote, contented themselves with hearing the bids. After the clerk had succeeded in getting the book to the table, there arose a cry of "hats off." The auctioneer recounted the history of the book in a speech of some length, which was concluded amid loud plaudits, and the bidding began. The book was invoiced at one hundred pounds, and was purchased at eight hundred and seventy-five guineas by Messrs. Longman & Co., of Paternoster Row.

A Heart of Stone.—Climbing the steep cliffs above the village we saw the terrible coast, for miles and miles around, lashed by enormous white waves on a sea of deepest blue; while, from distance to distance, rock after rock, mountain after mountain, each in its own isolation, rose to the very horizon, the ocean rushing, rolling, and eddying amongst them, a boiling mass beneath us, save where the fearful Sote Bay, scooped out, treacherously concealed its rocks. The mainland was splendid in formation—grand and fantastic; one near ravine especially was so narrow that one must enter sideways, grope for a path between two lofty rocks, guided by a small speck of light and sea at one end, and a telescopic view of the village at the other. In the centre, high up as one could lift one's eyes, a huge heart-shaped rock was supported between the two sides, having a crushed look to those beneath; a legend